

THE CUP OF FIRE

FRANKLIN HAMILTON



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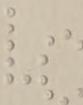
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The Cup of Fire

By
FRANKLIN HAMILTON

“I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity.”

—*The Hound of Heaven.*



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TO
M. M. H.

PREFACE.

IN the following pages there will not be found an ordered argument with formal premise and logical conclusion. The intention has been simply to set forth an idea of vital and varied implications. Closer study of this idea leads to a consideration of diverse fields of thought and human relation. Properly speaking, the discussion might be termed a suggestion in the Life of the Spirit. This suggestion takes its start and finds initial expression in a consideration of the culture of the present day. Incidentally, there is an examination of the pretensions of naturalistic culture, of the New Humanism, as sometimes it is called. This New Humanism lays claim to the New Hellenism. But the fatal flaw in such claim is the fact that the New Humanism overlooks and quite ignores the Moira or divine overruling Fate of the ancient Hellenists. The thin, starved soul-teaching of the New

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Humanism is due to its minimizing, or to the utter absence in it, of this ever-present, inescapable World-Ground or Readjusting Power to whose mysteries man hastens. The full recognition of man's relation to the Moira steadies the Greek poets. It renders their work immortal. The New Idealism that more and more is engrossing the minds of the thoughtful is one answer to the New Humanism. It is more, for it is an apprehension of that eternal and yet ever-changing spiritual process which infills and yet transcends all human experience. The supreme expression of this spiritual process is found in the Son of Him "who maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flame of fire." The highest reach of non-Christian thought to-day is found in the wisdom of the East. But the soul of the Far East is impersonality, whereas the soul of progress is personality. To be effective, to be truth that shall make men free, truth must be personalized. The light and the life of men, therefore, is the Christ. In the following discussion the underlying thought is that any system—moral, intel-

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lectual, or spiritual—that does not accept this fact of the light and life-giving Christ as the norm, or indwelling vital principle of all its working, will be found to be chaff which the wind soon blows away. And “the criterion which shows whether a thing is right or wrong,” say the pragmatists, “is its permanence.”

It may be objected that a discussion that confesses to so inclusive a thought has been cast in far too popular a vein. But the intention has been to give the book so popular a form, if possible, as shall redeem it from being a mere academic dissertation. Tennyson died with his finger between the leaves of Shakespeare. Plato died having under his head the comedies of Aristophanes. Loftiest idealism never must be separated from life. The desire has been to make this little book simply a fragment out of life. It represents gatherings from life in the modest thought of helping to set forth the central lesson and truth that gleam at the heart of life.

The chapters in Part Three embody personal experiences in travel. They are

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an outcome of a trip around the world, taken for the purpose of studying ethnic religions in their relation to Christianity. The opinions there set down are to be judged in this light. The travel sketches are presented with the thought that a first-hand description of the conditions and environment of some representative pagan religious faiths may suggest how far they all fall short of satisfying the human spirit. They give the lips to drink, but they do not quench the thirst of the soul. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." This is the relentless process in the Life of the Spirit. It is only when we return to an active, working faith in the true Light and Life that we apprehend with all clearness how a soul that trusts to any imperfect light, to any guidance save that Word which was God, will be at the last "One the more to baffled millions who have gone before." And yet may it not be worth the while to traverse again the old worn paths of errant, tragic quests?

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“Is the old question answered yet,
Is the old hunger satisfied?
May a believing world forget
The drawn-out line of faiths that died?”

Our sincere thanks are due to the editors of *The Methodist Review*, *The New York Christian Advocate*, *The California Christian Advocate*, and *The Central Christian Advocate* for permission to use here material which from time to time has appeared in the pages of those journals.

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PART I.

THE VOICE AND THE PROPHET.

“I sat under an oak, and behold, there came a voice out of a bush over against me, and said, Esdras, Esdras, and I said, Here am I, Lord. And I stood up upon my feet.”

But if thou wilt not believe that in this World all descends or comes from the Stars, I will demonstrate it to thee, if thou art not a Sot or a Stock, but hast some little Reason and Understanding left, therefore take Notice of that which follows. . . .

They say, what ails the Fool! when will he have done with his Dreaming? This is, because they are asleep in fleshly Lusts. Well, well, you shall see what Kind of Dream this will be.—
JACOB BOEHME, AURORA. CHAP. 2, v. 12; CHAP. 11, v. 150.

For the message of the Master
Down the centuries has rolled;
And the Pilgrims heard the burning word
Like Evangelists of old;

In the cabin of the *Mayflower*,
When the northwind swept the seas,
In tongues of flame the message came
To the women on their knees;

To the fathers of New England,
To the bold men of the Bay,
Who lodged in the lair of the wolf and the bear,
And the redman fierce as they;

The truth that makes men free—behold, there came
A prophet with the poet's noblest art,
In stature like a giant, and in heart
Wide as the world, with lips and soul aflame
Christ and His Church forever to proclaim;
Impetuous, kingly, true, whose very name
Wrought righteousness, whose sweet and surging voice
Lifted the saddened soul to wonder and rejoice.
The truth that makes men free.

—PRESIDENT LEB. R. BRIGGS, PHI BETA KAPPA POEM.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOLDEN CUP.

A PROPHET is sitting under an oak tree. From a bush over against the oak tree comes a voice, “Esdras, Esdras!” The prophet answers “Here am I, Lord!” And he stands up on his feet. The prophet is commanded to take with him five scribes and to go into the desert. He obeys. “And it came to pass on the morrow that lo, a voice called me, saying, ‘Esdras, open thy mouth and drink that I give thee to drink.’ Then opened I my mouth, and behold there was reached unto me a full cup, which was full, as it were, with water, but the color of it was like fire. And I took it and drank: and when I had drunk of it, my heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in my breast, for my spirit retained its memory.”—(*II Esdras, Chap. 14.*)

The cup which thus came to the Prophet Esdras is the most wonderful cup from

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which man can drink. One draught from it made Esdras a master of his age, bearing a heavenly enchantment. It is the chalice of celestial fire and quickening. Whoso drinks this cup goes through life with a burning heart. In the soul of him wells eternally the spring of understanding, the fountain of wisdom, and the stream of knowledge. The color of the cup is the mark of its heavenly origin. It was this picture, doubtless, that led Jacob Boehme to ascribe mystical coloring to the angels, declaring that every one receives its color from its quality. “Some are of the quality of the water, and those are light like the holy heaven; and when the light shines on them then they look like to a Crystalline Sea.”—(*Aurora, Chap. 12, V. 12.*)

Over the entrance to the long bazaar in Damascus is carved an image of a cup. It is this holy chalice of Hebrew and Christian faith and inspiration—mute memorial of a vanished day. Above the fret and irk and toil of that city of the infidel the cup still holds out its promise. The Mussulmans long since forgot its presence there. Mean-

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ing to them it has none. “Allah il Allah,” murmur the materialists, stroking their beards.

Poetic religious feeling added a chapter to the Esdras story. It is the legend of the Holy Grail. There it is pictured how the quickening radiance of the cup would have vanished from among men had not the stainless youth enshrined the Grail anew in the flame-girt mount. At heart, the whole history of this Cup of Fire is an imaging forth of a rather hackneyed truth—“The fear of the Lord, lo, that is wisdom, and to forsake evil, that is understanding.” Dwellers in Gath and Ascalon deride the personal application of this thought. It is old-fashioned. It argues a certain simplicity. But through the streets of Ascalon the Esdras cup flashes a denial. No. The idealists who drink this cup are not the feeble conies of life. What they have quaffed is not moral retreat from the battles of life; it is conquest; not spiritual quietism, but transcendency. “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be-

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side the still waters. He restoreth my soul.” Thus with his harp sang a shepherd who had drunk the Cup of Fire. The welling fullness from that living song flowed down the ages in a pure stream of heavenly sorcery. Ever since it has kissed cold, forgotten truths to beauty and immortal youth. To-day it touches all hearts with its wonder. None knows how, yet in the soul it sets singing the bird of paradise.

“Sing on, sweet bird, close hid, and raise
Those angel stairways in my brain
That climb from these low-vaulted clays
To spacious sunshines far from pain.”

A young man, failing as a teacher in a public school, drank of the Cup of Fire and went forth as the Sir Galahad of his generation, Phillips Brooks. A French artist, impoverished, in darkest hour tasted the Esdras cup and painted “The Angelus.” A young lawyer having few clients found at his right hand the Cup of Fire and, drinking, rode to new tasks as the spiritual Uhlan of reform, Wendell Phillips. A Swedish singer with a broken heart put her lips to

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the chalice of her Lord, and into her voice crept a weird, ecstatic note that immortalized Jenny Lind. The daughter of a humble farmer, smothering selfish ambition, in the Cup of God found the secret of help for other humble daughters, and the scroll of world-fame blazons her, Mary Lyon. A young sailor man, friendless and in trouble, followed the gleam of the Grail, and he was made a shining window to which came, like doves to be fed, sailor lads from six continents, for he was Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher. To many diverse folk this sailor preacher was the one interest called up by the name of a city boasting herself as one of the world centers of light and learning. A Boston journalist, writing home from the scene of the Messina earthquake, says that he found the walls of the city prison broken and three escaped convicts outside. The journalist had a cauliflower. The convicts had a jar of wine. All were hungry. On the suggestion that they cook the cauliflower in the wine and all dine together, they built a fire to prepare the feast. While waiting for the repast, one of the

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convicts, an old man who had traveled everywhere and had the gift of tongues, asked the newcomer where was his home. The journalist answered, "Boston." "Ah," said the old convict, "I had a friend there; I wonder if he is still alive. He was Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher." The dweller in Gath might note that comment—"I had a friend!"

There are other cups from which men drink. Their names are known—The Cup of Trembling, the Cup of Wrath and Indignation, the Cup of Astonishment and Desolation, the Golden Cup full of Abominations and Filthiness, the Cup in which the Wine is Red and Full of Mixture, the Cup of Devils. These chalices find their parable in that story concerning Mohammed. The father of the faithful, as a young man, once tasted poison at the hand of a friend. Detecting the deadly potion, the prophet put from him the beaker. Seemingly he was saved. But long after, Mohammed, when dying, clutched his agonizing breast and exclaimed, "The veins of my heart are throbbing with the poison of Khiber!"

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Life is full of moral illusion. It is not easy, always, to distinguish the Cup of God from the poison of Khiber. For it is one of the mysteries of the human spirit that side by side with the angel of light there rises another angel. And to our lips he holds a chalice. He swears that it is the Draught Divine. This cup is full, as it were, with water, but the color of it is like fire. Men drink of this cup, saying to their hearts, "It is the Cup of God."

Wolfgang von Goethe drank from this cup—Goethe, the high priest of modern humanism; Goethe, who, from his viewpoint, lived a life so fair that when this *pontifex illuminatus* of his age was laid out for burial, a friend, beholding the body, burst into tears, because the dead man seemed so like a Greek god. But Goethe, unwittingly, to use a vulgarism, has given the show away. He has told a tale in which his chalice is self-revealed. It is that familiar picture of the visit of Faust and his hellish mentor to the wine-cellar. The wine which Mephistopheles draws for the roisterers is wreathed with a bouquet of the

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gods. With seductive kiss, it beckons at the margin of gleaming crystal. But the ruby drink, spilling upon the ground, turns to sulphurous flame. Mephisto charms away the flame with a word—"Be quiet, friendly element!" To the revelers, with a leer, he says, "A bit of purgatory 't was for this time merely."

A bit of purgatory it always is. The wide-visioned artist soul of Goethe was portraying for all time the radiant cup which his humanistic culture holds to the lips of men. It matters little that the search of the Weimar poet sage for knowledge was so ardent that, even in dying, he drew finger pictures in the air as he murmured, "More light." Still less matters the contention of such humanism that "Where there is the tree of knowledge there is always Paradise." For this is "the stereotyped contention of serpents, both ancient and modern." As Nietzsche profoundly remarks, "It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Is it necessary that you should so salt your truth that it will no longer quench thirst?"

The illuminating fact here is that this

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cup of Goethe is the cup of Cagliostro. This French Magus once put to the lips of an old man a drop or two of the cordial of immortality. The octogenarian became young. The years of strength returned. He sang and danced. He lived again the dear memories of amorous folly. But all too soon his was an aching brain. For roses he had ashes.

The cup of Goethe is that cup of the juggler holding a charmed snake,—the chased golden bowl from which sprang the long black train of misfortune which caused the collapse of the Second Crusade. It is a goblet dipped in the cauldron of the witches which Macbeth saw in a cavern, amid thunder. It was as if the dreamer who had dreamed Faust, was lifting the curtain which hides the flame-cauldron of man's disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree which "brought death and sin into the world." Under the lifted corner of the curtain the soul catches only a glimpse when the curtain falls, but it suffices. Memory laments forever.

The cup of the creator of Mephistopheles

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is the golden cup which John the Divine saw in the hand of the woman who was sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast. Let us not be afraid to be old-fashioned, if in old-fashionedness any truth is to be found. "The devil is shamming dead," said Charles Kingsley, "but he was never more alive than now." Martin Luther well could afford to be certain that it was the devil at whom he was throwing his inkstand. For whether or not there appeared in the Wartburg the orthodox figure of horns, hoofs, and tail, all the world now grants that sturdy Brother Martin threw good ink on many a real devil. And so, as we say, let us not fear to be old-fashioned, even in our modern interpretations—"So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness; and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand."

A poet has pictured this woman with

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the golden cup. Sitting alone, absorbed in memories, she gazes before her with rapt, mysterious eyes. On jewels in her hair light breaks into splintered fire. At her feet are heaped treasures—rubies, sapphires, emeralds, yellow topaz and opal with heart of flame. From the shadows voices are calling to her, voices of past loves that thrill her, but she answers not. None dare name her and none may forget her. Around her lies the dust of dead empires and of vanished races of men.

At this point we must guard ourselves. “Culture,” says Lowell, “is that which alone teaches a man to be four-square, capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast.” The old school-man poetically pronounced Culture to be “the garden of immortal fruits without dog or dragon, yea, a series of king’s gardens, whose flowers are flowers of amaranth and their fruits fruits of nepenthe.” But these both had in mind a spiritualized culture, based on a right vision of life. The measure of any truth or training is found in its life usefulness. “Real culture pounces unerr-

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ingly upon the human core.” The golden test of culture, then, is, Does it work? What practical bearing has it on the deeper problems of life? Does it bring forth practical fruits?

“The word culture,” declares a distinguished educator, “has passed nationally through a great change. It used to be thin, intellectual, remote, ridiculous. Now it is regaining its true sense. It has come to denote something that is ‘hitched up close to real life.’” Genuine culture always has been “hitched up close to real life.” Culture that is not in closest touch with life loses its reason for being. True leaders of thought also are leaders in action. One might cite Immanuel Kant as illustrating the contrary. But Kant’s “Project of Perpetual Peace,” put forth at a time when he alone in all Europe seemed bold enough for such an utterance, disposes of this notion concerning Kant. No. True aristocracy of brains, as Terence was dreaming it, finds its exponents in those who, like Emerson, Whittier, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Theodore Parker, Lowell, Wendell Phillips,

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Henry Ward Beecher, "take a vital interest in what transpires in their own day."

But more. Not only is genuine culture thus allied with life, but also it is suffused with personal piety, with a vision of God. We are accomplishing our mission when we take our talents to the Master of Talents and devote them to His service. The only culture of permanent meaning is the culture that is consecrated. It is not true culture at all unless it be dedicated to God. To stand the test of life it must, through the Christ, be rooted and grounded in God. We will accomplish little in the world unless we work in line with God.

Beyond even this, however, is it true that the Life of the Spirit finds greater use for the cultured mind than for one of intellectual penury. The richer the individual training, the more available for divine use will be the individual life. Channels which have been cut deep and fair by patient, thorough-going plowshares prove open and providential conduits through which the waters of Shiloah go softly but resistlessly to wonders of quickening and grace. We read

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of only one of the early disciples who had enjoyed the advantages of a training by Gamaliel. Was it fortuitously that this particular Gamaliel-trained disciple became the world protagonist of the new faith?

On this basis proceeding, quickly we find that mere humanism, out of which has dropped the skyline, is insufficient. Confronted with life, it does not work. On opening a tomb in Egypt some years ago, they found a young Egyptian girl with her head pillow'd on an ancient papyrus copy of the Iliad. Around her brow were roses, just as her friends had laid her there in dreamless sleep nearly two thousand years ago. Like Ophelia, in death she wore her virgin garlands. A sentimentalist like Tom Moore might sing:

“ You may break, you may shatter the vase, if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.”

For an immortality of love filled that sepulcher with the far-borne fragrance of the vanished rose fields of Fayoum. But

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the blind singer has given us no *Odyssey* to light to eternal bliss. "You might as well expect to cure a cold by brushing your overcoat as to expect culture to cure the soul." Too often is it the peculiarity of the cultivated man that he only apprehends with increasing clearness the sadness and mystery of the universe. With sensitive spirit he fathoms in his own soul the lament, "He hath set me in dark places as they that be dead of old. He hath hedged me about that I can not get out."

It is quite as salient, also, to remind ourselves that mere intellectual richness of equipment never makes men holy. Lust is only the more seductive when it can speak with music in its voice. Culture may be veiled animalism, gilded barbarism. On one page of his book, *Benvenuto Cellini* sweetly may describe the casting of *Perseus*, a masterpiece of the Renaissance. But the next page tells quite as enthusiastically of debaucheries and the assassination of an enemy. Philosophy dignifies, but does it regenerate? If it cultivates virtue, does it restrain vice? Masters of art and literature

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sometimes present types of ethical laxity that police courts investigate. Cultivated voices are not always oracles of reform. The tragic story of a certain celebrated architect of New York offers material for moralizing. Yet such a case is not unique. Oscar Wilde wrote poetry of marked lyric quality in Reading Gaol. The crowned spider of Belgium, whose Congo rubber got him much red gold, loved music and literature. In art he was a connoisseur. Was it any lack of ability or of astute statecraft that took Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke out of public life? Poor heartbroken Rachel was a great actress. Nero was a very ardent lover of the fine arts. Lanciani says that whenever excavations are made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master always comes to light. Abdul Hamid, of unspeakable name and life, was a passionate collector of books. He had one of the finest Oriental libraries in the world. When Paul went to Athens he found the fine arts in their perfection and the most brilliant literature of the ages. But the apostle turned

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away from that city in sadness, for he found Hellenic culture, "with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odors." Over the decadence of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, and Rome there was woven an iridescent refinement like a rainbow. The novel *Salammbô* pictures how, when the gods of Carthage were dying and the Carthaginian civilization was festering at the center, there floated over all a careless gayety and radiance of life not unlike those of our day.

But more vital is the fact that a life training or vision, out of which has dropped the skyline, fails on the higher reaches of our own efforts. For, while such mere intellectual enrichment may sharpen the five senses, it not infrequently steals from an ambitious heart that feeling after God which has been termed the sixth sense. The mother of Thomas Carlyle wrote to her son in the glory of his intellectual lordship in London, "Tammie, Tammie, dinna lose the Word in the learnin'." The peasant mother was wiser than the lordly son. If she had not been to college she had been

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to Calvary. Thomas Carlyle did lose the Word in the learnin'. And "that son of the morning who was born in the clouds was struck by lightning." So, while we need not dwell on the thousands of cultivated men and women who to-day are feeling the vanity of knowledge and who recognize the fact that "there is no lasting satisfaction in the æsthetic world alone," we can rest our disagreement with the humanist on higher grounds. For while he may have mastered all art, literature, and science, he, all too often, has not got even the tip of his chin to the level of that starry threshold across which drift the filmy lights and purple shadows of the healing of God.

More, however, than all this, a humanistic attitude of life, a high mental equipment that lives not by sympathies and admirations, but by dislikes and disdains, robs a soul of that capacity for accomplishment which is the mark of the captaincy of life. We need not refer to such a potential genius as Amiel, who could write so well that finally he dared not write at all. Nor need we tell the story of George Waring the

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Marvelous, a miracle of erudition, who produced nothing. At Oxford he well-nigh lived in the Bodleian. There he has been described by one who knew him as “a recluse, half-blind, abstracted, muttering his wayward fancies in a buzzing voice.”

The concentrated light and learning of the thirteenth century made Pope Innocent III the conspicuous man of his age. But all that light and learning could not inspire him to undertake enterprises that should endure beyond the sunset of his own life. The great adventure of his time was left for the son of a cloth-seller of meager intellectual training, but whose lips had touched the Cup of Fire.

The diary of a British naval officer who at Trafalgar served on the flagship of Lord Nelson, tells of certain sailor lads on board who spent much time in prayer, song, and “experience meetings.” The officer believed that they were Wesleyan Methodists whose peculiar spiritual exercises availed little. But the diary adds that in the battle these praying lads were the only sailors who did their duty without swearing, and that they

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excelled all others in discipline and fortitude.

In the anti-slavery contest in America, one of the most imperially gifted Northern statesmen was incapable of seeing and sympathizing with the real issue at stake. His ultra refined environment and training undoubtedly had much to do with his position in the strife. In unhappy retreat from the cause of liberty he retired to private life. Was it into the place of this man that there was lifted another whose every penury of circumstance only brought him nearer to the sorrows of the downtrodden? Certain it is that, passing by the princes, God found in a humbler life of restricted chance the plastic clay which He needed to mold the master-man, the unbreakable altar whereon could burn, unquenched to the end, the sacred fire of human liberty—Abraham Lincoln.

An old soldier of Stonewall Jackson once related to the writer an experience with the great Confederate chieftain that is suggestive in connection with the present thought. As a youth the veteran had been

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a helper to Major Jackson in the Sunday school for colored children which, before the war, the major had carried on in the Presbyterian Church at Lexington, Virginia. When the war broke out the pious superintendent of the school called together the children and said to them that whatever happened, he wanted them to promise that they still would come to Sunday school. The colored boys and girls all cried, "Yes, Massa Jackson, we 'll come to Sunday school!" "Time passed," said my friend, whose name was M——, "and I had joined the cavalry with General Lee. As we came up to the second battle of Manassas Junction, Lee sent Jackson to flank Pope as he came up from the Potomac. But General Lee, having lost touch with Jackson, sent out some cavalry to which I belonged to establish connection with his column. For three days we hunted General Jackson, but could not find him, so skillful was he in concealing troops when maneuvering for position. But at last we came out on a wide plowed field through which ran a turnpike. On our right was a forest, on the left was a

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high mass of rocks. Some of our boys went up on the rocks and began to try sharp-shooting at the Federals, who now could be seen coming up the turnpike. At this moment out of the forest on our right rode a solitary horseman. He was covered with dust. His visor was pulled down over his eyes. We recognized Stonewall Jackson. The general rode up to our commander and said, 'Send some one up to tell those boys on the rocks to cease firing. They needlessly are exposing my troops yonder in the forest.' Thousands of seasoned Virginian soldiers were lying on their arms under cover of the trees. By this time the advancing Federals with artillery had got the range on the plowed field, which was being searched by shrapnel. Our captain turned to me and said, 'Sergeant, go up and tell the boys to come down.' I had galloped half way across the field under fire, which every moment became closer and more accurate, when I heard a voice calling 'Halt!' Turning around, I saw General Jackson cantering leisurely toward me. By this time, the shrapnel breaking all around us,

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every moment seemed the last. The general greeted me kindly and, looking me steadily in the face, asked, 'Is this not young M——, who used to help me in our colored Sunday school back in Lexington?' Saluting, I answered, 'Yes, General.' 'Well,' said the general, 'I thought it might interest you to know that only last week I received a letter from our preacher in Lexington, telling me that they still are able to keep up the Sunday school.' Then Stonewall Jackson slowly wheeled his horse, drew his sword, and led the charge which shattered Pope's column and hurled it back toward the Potomac." "And, by the way," continued the Confederate, his face beginning to shine as if his inner eye were beholding other scenes, "do you know why General Lee lost the battle of Gettysburg? It was because it was the first battle that he tried to fight without his strong right arm, the God-led scholar-soldier of the Confederacy who put prayer into his strategy!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CHALICE OF THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

OVER against the masquers that thus offer themselves as messengers of light stands the angel holding the Cup of Fire. “Drink that I give thee to drink,” says the angel, “and three things shall be thine.”

“Drink, and thy heart shall utter understanding. Thou shalt have knowledge of life. Thou shalt know the secret that the only permanent interests in life are they that make for the life of the Spirit. Drink, then, the cup that I give thee to drink.” And between the angels holding to our lips, each a full cup, which is full, as it were, with water, but the color of it is like fire, between these the choice must be made. It is the spiritual element involved in the choice itself, and in the consequent surrender of the direction of life, that makes the eternal revelation of us at the moment

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when we deem ourselves in our choice to be the masters of our fate. As an illustration of this, the story of the city of Venice is a luminous commentary. There, as John Ruskin has pointed out, we behold, as in a mirror, how our own prosperity cheats us. The very happiness of our own easy conquest of things leads us often, almost as if in mockery, spiritually to miss the mark. Ruskin well has told the story. Copying the picture which he gives, note the paraphrase of his own peculiar and vivid speech: "There at her right hand, in the square beside the sea, gleamed the shrine of St. Mark's, its sevenfold gates and glowing domes forever proclaiming the twofold message, 'Christ is risen! Christ shall come!' Daily those white cupolas rose like wreaths of sea foam in the dawn, calling to that deepening tumult of pride and sin the message that once was written in blood, but calling ever in vain. When, in her last hours, Venice threw off all shame and all restraint, and the great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, there, at her right hand, still rose the

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white domes of that house of God, burning with the letters of His law. Mountebank and masquer laughed and went their way; and a silence has followed them not unforetold. For there, to-day, sits that city, still beautiful with her tottering palaces and the wild grass waving over unfinished fragments of mighty shafts. But there she sits forlorn, pallid, haggard, consumed from her place among the nations, her ashes choking the channels of the dead, salt sea—because she forgot God!"

The distinctive dangers of American civilization are penury of character, the dislocation of capital and labor, the obliteration of the responsibilities of wealth, and the exposure of men and women to temptation. But, let this people drink the Esdras cup as once it was drunk by reformed Scotland and puritan England, and by the city of Florence under the call of the Dominican friar, then how quickly the elements of our social despair might be fused into something fair. Out of the very blackest heart of things might be born that white lily flower of Brotherhood which was the Christ-

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dream. Out of our grossest materialism, as our richest soil, might come surprising revelations of character and idealism. When the Scots beheld before them Mary Stuart, with her cup of enchantment, and John Knox, holding out the Chalice of the Spirit of Life, they chose John Knox. And in the Scottish peasantry for generations we have had a race showing a larger output of distinguished men in proportion to its numbers than has been seen in any people since the time of Athens under Pericles. Then, let this nation drink the chalice to which Esdras was summoned, and up the brightening steeps of one corner of the world, at least, the Prince of Peace could drive His chariot toward that universal conquest by Love and Light, which, be it near or far, is yet to be the divine culmination of creation.

But what is true of a city, or of a nation, is true of each individual life. Whosoever puts from him the Chalice of the angel of God and drinks the cup of the witches, forfeits the gift sublime, the most precious possibility of his existence. It matters not what he may achieve of wealth or of culture,

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of influence or of fame; of little avail are his ambitions or his powers. Unless he heeds the voice of the angel—"Drink, and thy heart shall utter understanding," he will find at the last that his treasures are like the bright pebbles from the Yellowstone springs—in fading, they simply have burned out his pockets. He may write poetry, or heap up money, or pronounce orations, or win the love of fair women, or conquer and rule, and still, at the end, there will be tears. At this point the life of the Spirit is relentless. Men always must divide into two camps—one called to dazzling destiny, the other fated to bondage and the fiery hail. Here is the eternal revelation of ourselves. Here we shall drink indeed of His cup.

"Drink," says the angel, "and wisdom shall grow in thy breast!" Knowing life, we shall be able to discern what are its lofty fulcrums for human effort. The notion that earthly greatness is desirable needs not for its negation any such secret annal as that which Lockhart gives of Napoleon Bonaparte crying out and refusing comfort

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or companionship all through the night in the wretched weaver's hut on the retreat from Moscow. There is not required the later testimony of the fallen conqueror at St. Helena, that the happiest hour in all his life was when, as a little lad, he took his first communion in Ajaccio. As with soap bubbles, so with life, the most iridescent prizes are the thinnest. The peace propaganda to-day would receive reinforcement if all soldiers could study Pierre Loti's picture of military glory. It is the end of his spahi, or lancer—a gallant, gay, French lancer, who on prancing charger had ridden to clang of cymbal, who had sung and feasted and wooed many a lady. And lo, now an unburied skull, an empty, grinning skull which the Sirocco, blowing pitilessly across Sahara, rolls over the desert sands, over and over and over again.

But here we discover a paradox. Drinking this chalice of oblivion to all selfish ambitions, it is found that the celestial fire has quickened to a larger efficiency. Humblest mortals, often, are inspired to write, to sing, to carve, to paint, to build, to dream,

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to captain the causes of humanity. One whom others despised, or little noted, attains to soul-captaincy, projects his efficiency forward into the millenniums. Ages after, when the doer is buried and his name is merged into the centuries, mankind still will be moved by his melody, floating to it from the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world.

Some one has made the remark that “never was there a more sudden case of the rejected stone becoming the headstone of the corner than the raising of John Brown of Osawatomie from the position of a gibbeted felon to that of a people’s deliverer.” That remark overlooks the fact that it was because the lowly sheep herder had put his lips to the Esdras cup that “the Almighty found a holy and transforming use for the tempest that stirred the soul of John Brown.” But the same thought applies to the extraordinary change that has come over the Northern feeling toward the Confederate soldier. It is beginning to be recognized that, whatever may have been the differences of opinion and of tradition,

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the gray covered as devoted hearts as the blue. Henry Grady's pathetic picture of the Confederate veteran, returning to the old plantation to follow the plow in the wonted furrow, but with a new feeling for the old flag above his head and with a new dream of the common country in his heart, is one of the tenderest touches of idealism in American speech. And this lofty, self-effacing idealism has been the mark of every real American heart from the hour when the pilgrim first drew his shallop alongside of Plymouth Rock. It has been a yearning to triumph over the material, but with this yearning ever has been linked a firm faith in a providential destiny.

This was the deeper meaning of the American Civil War. And because of this deeper meaning the sacrifice of the soldiers who, on both sides, died, will live on forever as a holy memory, a celestial welding of the reunited nation. Of the millions who, at the call of their country, thus gave themselves to flying bullets and to flashing steel, many sleep where they fell, on every field of the South. Their bones whiten on scat-

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tered hillsides. Some lie unmarked, unknown, hard by the lonely ford, where all unnoticed the pacing sentinel fell. Others slumber in forest glen where soothings winds alone know the resting place. "An acre or so of thicket or of swamp bayou was to them Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Chickamauga." Only the hawk keeps tryst. None but the brook brings tears of lamenting. But centuries hence, wherever one of these graves may be found, the traveler pausing beside it will hear, with inner ear, a Voice calling to him, "Go, stranger, thou that passest by, and tell my country that we lie here, having obeyed her word!"

"Drink," says the angel, "and thy spirit shall retain its memory." One of the poets has said that when we are born into this earthly existence we come from another country, trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home. Too few remember that we still belong to this other country. It is only when we drink the Cup of Fire that we are born back into that transcendency of spirit whereby we realize and are fain to claim our true inher-

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itance. For then we pierce the veil invisible. We read the secret which was before the foundation of the world. We understand that the true greatness and real value of human life come only through the life of the Spirit, which is the fabric of the universe. Thus what appears to be earthly success is often only the erasing of the heavenly lineaments. It is celestial failure. On the other hand, what appears to be sad and shameful human breakdown is sometimes success. It is radiant, immortal coronation. When D'Artagnan, dying, took his last farewell of the Three Guardsmen, to Athos and Porthos, who through hard circumstance had preserved loyalty, he said, "Athos, Porthos, farewell, till we meet again." But to Aramis, who, while having come to high place, had forsworn himself, to him the dying D'Artagnan said, "Aramis, adieu forever!"

The supreme example of the errancy of earthly standards is found in the contempt of Pontius Pilate when confronted with the Kingdom of the Spirit. At one of the presentations of the passion play at Oberam-

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mergau, it was the remarkable fortune of the writer to witness a scene wherein nature herself seemed to lend her approval to the confusion of the Roman procurator. The morning had been bright and unclouded. But, as the trial of Jesus began, there gathered behind the peaks above the village one of those Alpine storms which periodically descend, with amazing suddenness, upon the valley of the Ammer. Soon the white cross on the Koffelsberg, which marks the dedication of the village in thanksgiving, was banked in with inky clouds. Only the cross gleamed snow-white against the blackness. Pilate contemptuously had flung out like a jeer his question, "What is truth?" Jesus answered him never a word. But up toward the cross on the Koffelsberg the King turned His face. Instantly out of the inky storm-wrack leaped dazzling lightning. Like shining fingers out of heaven the lambent flame in jagged lines played for a moment around the cross, as if writing. In the blackness and crash which followed a pious parish priest by my side fell upon his knees and

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began to tell his beads and murmur prayers. Little imagination was required to conjure up the figure of Pilate, as the Swiss peasants say he is to be seen on their mountain on Good Friday eve, washing his hands always and lamenting, “O for a vision of that Face!” But the poor tormented soul is answered not at all. Nor was it hard to fancy on the cross of the Koffelsberg, where now raged the wild tempest in all its fury, the Figure that once was marred for the sins of the race. A voice seemed to say, “I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me.”

In old age, after much sorrow, heartache, and disillusion, Wolfgang von Goethe learned the secret of the Cup of Fire. When the sunset was wrapping his own life in mystic shadows and voices were calling to him from many a corner of memory, the poet wrote the second part of Faust to tell to others the secret ere he died. It is that long, metaphysical part of Faust, the celestial part, which so few of us ever read. There the revelation is made. There it is pictured how Faust the wanderer, having

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run the gamut of all the pleasures and achievements of life, awakens at last to realize that through all emerges his soul, hungry, despairing, turning back dead spent for heavenly help. Pontius Pilate had heeded not the angel who, coming down over the Judean mountains, and holding out the Chalice of the Spirit of Life, had cried to him, "Pontius Pilate, Pontius Pilate!" But into the forfeited soul of the lover of Margaret, Goethe now puts back the celestial craving. The weary, punished heart homes like a dove back to the Father's house. The sky opens. Angels cast down roses which for the tempter change to blistering, burning, corroding coals of fire. Mephistopheles is driven back to the Gehenna whence he came. There are heard divine voices. Then appears Margaret, symbol of the eternal saving pity of God. And Faust, purified, redeemed by that transcendency of the Spirit which once more irradiates him with shining, heavenly possession, mounts upward, while the voices chant a mystic, haunting song of pity and the might of love illimitable.

CHAPTER III.

PARTAKER IN THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

“WHEN I had drunk the Cup of Fire,” says the Prophet Esdras, “my heart uttered understanding.” This is one of the dark sayings of the prophet. The thought partakes of the metaphysical reasoning of Spinoza in its spiritual implications. Spinoza held that God alone can effect a junction between thought and extension. Mind and matter, therefore, have a common ground in God. But Spinoza felt the influence of the Mennonites and Collegiants who deemed the dogmatic element of religion inferior to the edifying and the moral. He was impressed especially by their “pure ideal of duty.” He also had sympathy with the Arminians. Scientific relations, it is true, he had with the reckless materialist Van den Eude, with Huyghens, Boyle, and Oldenburg. But deeper than all physics was the search of

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the lense-grinding philosopher. The Infinite was his beginning and end. To know aright, said he, we must turn back to the Infinite. To understand the laws of knowledge itself, to grasp the workings of the mind, or to lay hold on the processes of the universe and share in its purposes, we alike still must go back to God—in the beginning, God.

Without going into a detailed statement of the system of Spinoza as it bears on our problem, we ought, perhaps, to add one further word of explanation. Spinoza sought to elaborate two doctrines—one of God, the other of mind and matter. Of these the first is the result of his study of Jewish Theism, Giordano Bruno, and the semi-pantheistic philosophy. The second is taken from the Cartesian dualism. The mind of Spinoza, deeply imbued with Jewish learning, was attracted by Descartes' bold logic and independent method, by his close analysis and spirit of scientific curiosity, especially on its physical side. Spinoza, however, possessed a nature "deeply attuned to Idealism." While, therefore, we may say

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that on one side of his system, the scientific, he reached straight back to Cartesianism, on the other side of his system, the monistic side, his thought was clearly a reaction from Cartesianism. Conjoined with these two sides of his thought was always a third, the mystic side, inherited from Giordano Bruno and Jewish teachers like Avicenna. And here was the key to all mysteries.

The poetic figure of Esdras reveals a similar mystic dependence upon the Infinite as the source and world-ground not only of understanding, but also of personal self-conscious identity. The basis of personal existence, the foundations of knowledge, and a true understanding of the universe itself, all are found only through a right fellowship with God. This conception is attuned deeply to the new idealism. It promises a satisfactory answer to the riddle of existence. It is a solution to the epistemological problem. It answers the cry and yearnings of faith. In pure thought it is defensible.

If, at this point, we venture to call attention to some reasons for our contention,

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it is only in order that we may suggest how dependent on the life of the Spirit we all are for any rational explanation of our thoughts, or indeed for any ultimate significance that may attach to our individual lives. We must quaff the bowl from the crystal fountain of God if we are to enter into any certainty of knowledge or possess understanding that is coextensive not only with finite experience but also with the divine processes in the life of the Infinite.

In the field into which this thought instantly carries us we discern, not without some surprise, that no theory of pure speculation will suffice. Apriorism alone is unable to solve the problem of Knowledge. No sufficient answer can be discovered that is confined within the field of speculative reason. There is no high and dry apriori road from ontology to cosmology. The logical and mathematical principles upon which extreme apriorism rests its claims are not the last court of appeal. In certain cases, as we shall try to show, these principles give way. The explanation of this insufficiency of pure reason lies in the fact

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that the theory of cognition, which is purely formal *a priori*, "fails to admit the affective and voluntary aspects of the mind's life to a share in the cognitive attitude toward reality." Hence it does not suffice to give us true knowledge of life and reality.

The first step toward a reconstruction of a valid theory of knowledge, therefore, will be an act of reconciliation. It must be recognized clearly that the old controversy between empiricism and apriorism is ended. It is outgrown. Bluntschli, in his treatise on the State, in considering the antithesis between the historical method and an *a priori* basis of the idea of right and liberty, says, "It is recognized on all sides that the experiences and phenomena of history must be illumined with the light of ideas, and that speculation is childish if it does not consider the real conditions of the nation's life." In the same way the old antithesis between empiricism and apriorism is seen now to be so far overpassed that the two antithetical elements involved are recognized to be, in reality, not antithetical at all. They are the two interweaving com-

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ponent parts of a larger knowledge. And that larger knowledge comprehends and explains them both. The underlying ground comprehending and yet transcending both elements is, as Esdras clearly saw, that Spirit who communes with and infills His rational creatures. Induction, therefore, must confine itself to its own field. Deduction must utilize the material of induction if actual truth is to be attained. But the *a priori* truths and the truths of experience both must be joined together in a higher unity of Intelligence.

This carries us a step further. Now it is seen that there can be no such antithesis between thought and thing as shall necessitate dualism. Nor can there be any such noumenal fiction as the ungraspable *Thing-in-itself* of Kant. The thing simply is a part of that “phenomenal system which forever proceeds from the immanent energy of the One Living Will.” In the presence of this One Living Will the finite spirit forever finds itself. The mind, therefore, grasps the actual thing in thought, while the actual thing itself has no meaning outside of

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thought. Here the Kantian difficulty solves itself rightly and intelligently. Schopenhauer, in his "World as Will and Idea," presents this conception of knowledge as an "immediate seizure, as a matter of warm feeling and energetic volition, of the really existent relations of things and of events." But Schopenhauer is offering a truth more pregnant than he himself, perhaps, would have allowed. We can have, he assures us, experience of an order, of thought contents and of relations which shall be valid for all. But he can not tell us how we reach the common-to-all. We reach it, that is all. A Bowne was needed to reveal how this wonderful bridge over which at last we pass into the clear light is "the deep mystery which is involved in the community of finite minds; and its solution finally must be sought in the realm of the infinite." Thoreau, therefore, is a representative of that *kennen* of the artist which Schopenhauer deems true knowledge, certain to bring us to the heart of reality, when he says, "I can not tell how, but I see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting

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Something to which we are allied, at once our Maker, our abode, our destiny, our very selves.” But he is more. For Thoreau has laid hold on the truth of Esdras.

But we are not done. This explanation of the underlying relation of thought and thing puts us within the domain of other truth still more far-reaching. For suddenly we realize that cognition is full of *willing* and *feeling*. In matters which pure intellect never reaches, will and feeling are found to be fundamentally important. It is one of the permanent contributions to human thought that have come out of the work of Borden P. Bowne that he emphasized with contagious conviction this fact that “a large part of belief has its origin in life, and a large part of belief becomes real only in life. The understanding is unable to give any substance to many beliefs until they are put into practice.”—(*Theory of Thought and Knowledge*, p. 380.) It would be difficult to estimate how largely our belief is colored and shaped by our moods and emotions.

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“Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

Sometimes belief may spring up as the resultant of an experience which, though transient and mysterious, suffices to shatter to the earth every scaffolding of disbelief, no matter how carefully or convincingly that scaffolding has been erected. Take, as an illustration, that word of the bishop whom Browning has portrayed as turning on his critic and saying:

“And now what are we? unbelievers both,
Calm and complete, determinately fixed
To-day, to-morrow, and forever, pray?
You 'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think.
In nowise! All we 've gained is, that belief,
As disbelief before, shakes us by fits,
Confounds us like its predecessor. Where 's
The gain? How can we guard our disbelief,
Make it bear fruit to us? The problem 's here.
Just when we are safest, there 's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—
And that 's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
Round the ancient idol, on his base again.”

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Our action, more perhaps than our thinking, shapes our deeper convictions. Until his extraordinary victories in Italy, Napoleon Bonaparte was Robespierre on horseback. But after the Italian triumphs the good of France gradually identified itself in the mind of the resistless general, and probably sincerely so, with the need of a strong dynasty of the house of Bonaparte. Most true is that word of Maeterlinck—“An act of goodness or justice brings with it a kind of inarticulate consciousness that often becomes more fruitful than the consciousness that springs from the very deepest thought.” “Being,” says Professor Riehl, “is in no wise a constituent of an idea; it is experienced, felt, lived, not ideated or thought.” In his “Philosophy of Knowledge,” Professor Ladd has devoted a luminous chapter to “Knowledge as Feeling and Willing.” In that chapter the whole matter is discussed at length. It is made clear how there can be no cognition without the presence of affective and emotional factors in the very act of cognition, or without the influence of such factors over the nature

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of the cognitive process itself. In his essay on "The Will to Believe," Professor James lays emphasis on the compelling power of the will to a definite judgment or conclusion upon the part of the mind. In his essay on "Human Immortality," he returns to this thought. He points out how the workaday knowledge upon which we all, whether consciously or unconsciously, proceed is not mere speculative knowledge. Then he says, "Most persons imbued with what one may call the puritanism of science would feel themselves bound to answer this question (of disbelief in immortality) with a yes. If any medically or psychologically bred young scientists feel otherwise, it is probably in consequence of that incoherency of mind of which the majority of mankind happily enjoy the privilege. At one hour scientists, at another they are Christians or common men, with the will to live hot in their breasts; and holding thus the two ends of the chain, they are careless of the intermediate connection."

The decisive factors in the processes of the mind thus are seen to be not under-

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standing, but feeling and willing. And the picture which Esdras gives of our entering into understanding through a voluntary act of surrender to God—through drinking the cup which His angel gives us to drink—is inerrant. It opens the way for an outcome to the whole matter which is practical and workable. For, if we look abroad into life and into what really is going on in human hearts, and then seek to put into definite form the secret of knowledge and faith, we are brought back to a similar practical conclusion. We discover that, after all, it is not through ratiocination, but through the will, through the moral sense, and through an instinct which, while working irresistibly on the intellect, is yet extra-rational, that men find certitude of their own spiritual life, of immortality, and of God. Not to the dreamer, but to the doer, come the true interpretations of life. Hegel said that “no proof would ever or could ever have been offered of God’s existence had our knowledge of and belief in such existence been obliged to wait for the proof.” This same law holds good for all the deeper con-

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victions of life and consciousness. “When instead of theorizing about our faculties, we use them, we get on very comfortably. The problem which is insoluble in theory solves itself in practice. . . . The professional skeptic finds his occupation going if not gone; for his objections have commonly been of the abstract, academic type, and these are now seen in their perennial barrenness and fatuity.”—(B. P. Bowne, *The Christian Revelation*, pp. 69-71.)

This practical attitude of a working faith, therefore, is the view of life that alone is worth while, for it alone leaves room for those deeper channels of human existence in which the soul finds room and scope—love, loyalty, choice. With such a practical attitude of the heart, the moral ends of life are not defeated but subserved. If once we can get a firm hold on such a practical attitude of trust in Him whose will we strive to do, the tangled skein of life and history begins to ravel. Tolstoi, after years of despair, declared that in this practical attitude of a working, trusting dependence upon an Intelligent Will mightier than him-

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self did he alone find peace.—(*My Confessions.*) Benjamin Kidd said that working faith was the only solution of the social problem.—(*Social Evolution*, p. 116.) Schleiermacher held that the only right basis of any intelligent theology must be this same practical attitude of a working faith. “This have I grasped,” he says, “and forsake it never. And so, smiling do I behold the light fade from the eyes, and mark the white hair among the blond locks. Nothing that may happen can disturb my heart; fresh remains the pulse of the inner life, even until death.”—(*Monologen.*) If we seek to pierce beyond the veil, it still is only thus, resting secure upon a practical, working faith, that we can catch

“Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow and ever-during Power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.”

But this working faith in the Life of the Spirit which holds in its bosom the universe will enable us to fulfill our own highest destiny. For, having surrendered our wills to

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the World of the Spirit, we become identified with the purposes of that World. We lay hold, as it were, on another world to set over against the world of sense. We pass through that spiritual experience which Goethe strives to portray in the last stage of his Faust story—

“Those who have not understood
‘Die and rise to-morrow!’
They are but as passing shades
In this world of sorrow.”

Having died to our own selves and risen to be partakers in the Life of the Spirit, we find our wills strangely stayed and strengthened. We recognize that in some mysterious way the World of the Spirit has taken hold on us, that it crowds itself into us, that it creates in us a new center of spiritual life and power. Thus the real greatness of any individual life will be found to be in just the exact measure of the surrender of that life to the Life of the Spirit. Here is found the true superman—he who can be content with humble powers and obscure place because he is in perpetual remembrance that

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he is linked with the Love that moves the sun and the other stars. What though evil circumstance and discouraging environment are his. What though the world marshals its forces against him. Though every alien interest and tyrant hour may condemn him —what matters it all? He has entered into the divine sweep and purpose. He shall rise to supreme accomplishment, to dazzling destiny. His heart has uttered understanding. He is at one with God.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VIRTUE OF MAGNIFICENCE.

ONE of the old Norse Sagas tells of a visit of Thor to the far northern mist folk or land of the giants. There the mist folk challenge the powers of the famous hero god. Among other tests, he is bidden to drain a drinking-horn of mead which is handed him. Of notable potatory ability, the wielder of the hammer, who is to be granted three draughts at the horn, makes a first and a second effort, with no result whatever. For the last draught, the hero summons all his abysmal resources. So bravely does he drink that this, he thinks, surely must end it. To his amazement, however, Thor finds that the level of the brimming beverage hardly has been stirred. But when the spell of enchantment is lifted, then it is seen that one end of the horn is connected with the ocean. He, therefore,

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who would drain that flagon first must empty the shoreless, cloud-shadowed sea.

To drink from a cup which holds the infinite is an ambitious endeavor. But it marks the great heart to attempt it. And it is contact with the Infinite alone that lifts and suffuses the individual life with largeness and diviner meaning, or, indeed, gives it entrance to attempt immortal tasks. This is one of the central thoughts in the Divine Comedy of Dante. For, in beginning his Paradiso, the poet gives warning that to celestial things only they may follow him who have fed upon the *pane degli angeli*, bread of the angels. And the ascent into Paradise is marked, not by any sense of upward motion, but by the increasing brightness in the face of Beatrice, whose soul is suffused with heaven. The words of the Italian singer might serve as the countersign for all future pioneers of the Spirit—

“The sea I sail has never yet been passed:
Ye who have the neck uplifted to the Bread
of Angels
May launch (upon the deep, salt sea)
Your vessel, keeping still my wake before you.”

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No one, perhaps, would charge "the mad philosopher" Nietzsche with over-emphasizing the advantages of communion with the celestial or the spiritual. Yet, through the mind and heart of this seerlike genius crept, in a weird, concatenated way, a sense of this need of the Infinite in our own individual human affairs if those affairs are to have, at the last, any justifiable claims to real greatness or immortality. "It seems," he says, "that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures." —(*Beyond Good and Evil*.) The fatal flaw in the thought of Nietzsche, however, concerning that realm that lies beyond our ordinary, commonplace individual lives is that it is stripped of moral significance, it is "beyond good and evil."

The only defensible explanation of our relation with the Infinite is found in Christian philosophy. There it is found that one of the first results of the acceptance of the Christian theory of life is that there

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springs out of the Christian life experience a peculiar and distinctive virtue. For lack of a better name or definition, we might say that this virtue coalesces with that which the poet of the "Faery Queen" calls the supreme, culminating virtue—the virtue of magnificence.

The reason we say that the distinctive mark of a true Christian believer will be that he possesses this virtue of magnificence is that such virtue is the logical outcome of his faith. For Christianity is an apocalypse—a light for the unveiling of the nations. The great fact in the life of a herald of such faith, therefore, must be his vision. He must be a prophet of that religion which by its very nature is universal. Whatever else he may have is secondary. First and foremost, he must have the virtue of magnificence.

Magnificence is a world-word in the scope of its vision, ministry and power. In his vision, therefore, the herald of this world-gospel will see large. Seeing the end from the beginning, noting the sublime where others see the commonplace, he will

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apprehend the magnificence of life as promised by the Kingdom of God in this world. Whatever there is of attainment or achievement he will regard as only the glory of the imperfect in an imperfect world. There is much of truth in the contention of Dean Inge, that the Church is making a mistake in seeking to adapt herself to all the needs of this present age, or in trying to solve all the problems of the age. The supreme calling of the Church is to keep alive in the hearts of men the sense of the eternal. What this generation needs is not something new in religion, but a new enthusiasm for the old faith; not a new creed, but a new heart; not a new destructive modernism, but a new constructive puritanism; not a sophistical dividing of truth, but a right vision of the Lord of Truth; not a more pretentious brotherhood, but a humbler walk with God; not an artificial communism, but an unselfish Godlikeness. Unless these blind gropings and frenzied combinations of the toilers are centered and controlled by a new sight of the Savior, they will pull down the pillars of society and government.

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To induce secularized, money-mad men in the street to accept this ideal, the herald of the gospel must be a cosmic man, panoplied imperially. No mere vocational book training will suffice. It will not be enough to have "a soul replete with good literature," or for the fisher of men to "bait his hook with his heart." He may have "intellectual sincerity, serenity of mind, and loftiness of purpose." He may "see straight and think clearly." He may be "endued with a sense of proportion and have a luminous philosophy of life." His breadth may be accompanied by depth and passion. His mind may be educated to think habitually by "the system of co-ordination and unity," the system by which the Almighty thinks the universe into being and operation. Yet, beyond all this, he who would put body into the virtue of magnificence must have the royal bounty. He must see large. He must hear "the hum of mighty workings." He must have fed upon Bread of the angels. The sweetness and simplicity of the great vision must have given him celestial leaven and the wooing note. The

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vision of humanity bought back from failure, regaining its lost radiance, caught up to glory through the Son of Man, Incarnation of Deity, must have enchanted his soul, so that mystic, unseen, immortal forces shall have made him a seer of the Spirit, a poet of the cross, a troubadour of God.

This will be the normal process, if, like Esdras, the herald of the gospel has put his lips to the Cup of Fire. For, in his innermost consciousness, the God-speaker will have become irradiated with his vision. Understanding that the universe itself is God-filled, he will realize that nature herself is a sacrament, and behind birds, flowers, and clouds he will discern the spiritual shining. The child of the Spirit recognizes humanism, secularism, and materialism to be pagan drifts back to the old swine-husks. Over against the time-tendency gleams like a rainbow around the throne, the eternal ideal.

Such son of the gospel will not be found wanting in the captaincy of practical affairs. He will “commandeer” law and gov-

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ernment in the fight on greed, corruption, crime, and war. He will think and plan in terms of continents and worlds. With every comrade of the cross he will strike hands for a holy catholic army, whose soldiers shall be all the saints. With apostolic zeal and authority he will marshal a real and stable brotherhood of labor. He will make the family the home of sanctity, society without a saloon sober and industrious, the Church an ark of safety, civilization Christian.

But, beyond all this, there will be for him a transfiguration illumination, a celestial stimulation that can come only through identity with the Christ, the Dynamic of Light and Life. This will pour into heart, however dull and cold, a fiery quickening and splendor. It will make the laborer one with the Master in a quenchless passion for souls. It will suffuse vision with eternal consequences for righteousness. It will fuse learning into a heavenly enchantment. It will lift the herald of the world-faith into that higher reach of the Spirit where as a companion of the Eternal, a "Knight of the

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Holy Ghost" (to borrow the phrase of the poet Heine), a prophet for this modern world, he can ride forth bearing a love-power that shall rob the world's heart of every incantation against the Kingdom, every divination against Jesus. Like the mystics whose work was followed by the Reformation, this partaker in the work of the Spirit, in a peculiar sense of perfect union with the Lord of Life, will put his hands between the King's hands. With Him he will drink the Cup of Fire, the Chalice of the Spirit of Life. Then, indeed, will the feet of the messenger be beautiful upon the mountains, beautiful with the quick coming of that day when the Lord shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied. Humanity shall be lifted to the starry paths of the King.

This was the secret of the early Methodists. In the Life of the Spirit they saw large. They indeed had drunk of the Chalice of the Spirit of Life and had entered into "The large desire of a King." Their faith ran out to conquer shoreless, cloud-shadowed seas. Their Virtue of Magnificence

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knew not at all the impossible. It was because of this that, as one of their historians has said, they were pioneers of the Spirit “whom no labors tired, no scenes disgusted, no dangers alarmed, in the discharge of their duty. To gain recruits for their Master’s service, they sedulously sought out the loneliest and most distant neighborhoods. There, in unfinished and scarcely habitable cabins, they could be heard preaching to six and eight individuals with the same zeal and unction as marked their discourses in great populous cities. Drifting down solitary rivers, traversing wildernesses by the dim blaze of the backwoodsman’s fire, piercing malarial swamps and savannahs, bivouacking amid snow and ice and Indians, they led the western pilgrimage of God-sent humanity.” Yes, they saw large. Whatever captious critics might allege against those idealists, none ever denied them that virtue by which they were “high and lifted up.” Their poet has put their experience into ecstatic lyric—

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“I rode on the sky,
Fully justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon, it was under my feet.”

Thus accoutered, the prophet of the magnificence of life takes up a world-task, holding out a new program for Christianity. He gauges aright science, dogma, and criticism. Truth never violates herself. No discovery, no new theory can supplant the cross. In its higher essence, “religion never can suffer from any new philosophy.” The loftiest dream of humanity never has been a dream of knowledge, but always of manhood and womanhood. The lordliest hunger of the human heart never has been a love of pleasure or a lust of money and of power, but always a yearning for compassion. Anchored to this bed-rock of soul-yearning, the partaker in the work of the Spirit will not heed the din which is drowning voices that preach old beliefs. He will give to a heartbroken, dying world the cup of consolation. His heart will widen to his

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vision. Choosing life for his portion, he will make people his passion. He will shore back the contracting walls of society. He will play the man to win a world-empire for the King.

An evangelist, he will put back the halo on sin-sick souls. A shepherd of tender youth, he will show for what cause that great Shepherd of the sheep chose unsoiled childhood for His peculiar fold. Has the priest for centuries made the fine arts an ecclesiastical demesne? Then this herald of divineness in common things shall claim for the Carpenter the industries, the mechanical arts, and the abysmal toil of the great underworld. Business and the home are high callings of God. Captains of industry shall be mighty men for the Son of David. Have music and the literary graces been orthodox angels of worship? Then this prophet of the magnificence of life shall catch and set to harmony "the tune that is haunting millions of human ears and hearts." The Shepherd's song most sweetly echoes in new philanthropies and in efforts to improve the material condition of the

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people. A better social order will open unending avenues of promise to "the tired, the throttled, the dwarfed, the enchainèd." With such melody, not with horses and chariots, the Prince is marching to the conquest of the world.

Harnack says that not only was the Church in its organization rooted in the proclamation of the Word of God as a gospel, but that at a very early period this proclamation took on the Trinitarian Confession, and from it received its distinctive stamp.—(*Constitution and Law of the Church in the First Two Centuries*, p. X.) The prophet of the magnificence of life, therefore, will find the culminating glory of his vision in man himself. For, if he is true to the proclamation as it first was made, this prophet will find that, through the Christ, man is in God, and, again through the Christ, there will be a Divine significance touching with its sacred flame and glorifying every child of the human race. Then life never can lose its halo. But as Jowett, in one of the most luminous of his utterances, says, there will be always a mystical

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light on life, a mysterious significance touching everything; everything will be the beginning of a lane that leads into infinitude; nothing will be commonplace; all through the day there will be an eternal gleam on everything; and everything will suggest the dwelling-place of God.

One of the present-day leaders in aggressive social Christianity charges the Church with an eclipse of faith, "occasioned so largely by an age of wealth and luxury, and of intellectual pedantry and pride." In illustrating his thought, this leader goes on to say that "nothing from without, no attack, has ever hurt Christianity. When wounded, when the eclipse of faith has come, and the Church has become powerless and ineffective, it always has come from within."—(*Sylvester Horne, Sermons in America.*) This charge of an eclipse of faith is unfounded, we believe. But had the word "faith" been changed to "fire," the charge would have been true. An eclipse of fire, of spiritual enthusiasm, is, indeed, a mark of the Christian Church to-day. The "old Aldersgate fire" no longer

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flames as once it did. One of the secular journals in a notable article on “The Vanished ‘Amen Corner,’ ” (quoted in the *Boston Transcript*), calls attention to this decadence in holy fervency. And, pointing to the fact that the Amen Corner has been silenced, the writer asks the question, “Has the Church advanced since this gauge of the spirituality of worship was supplanted by cold intellectualism, or has religion been retarded?” The questioner confessedly is speaking for those who “bear in tender remembrance the days when the fire burned in the hearts of the hearers of sermons on Sunday, and when the preacher was inspired by the hearty attestations to the truth of his utterances by loud amens that came from the Amen Corner.” But it is no superficial question that he is asking, for this lover of the old days immediately buttresses his position by an appeal to the fact that the custom of crying out Amen in the midst of the congregation comes down from the time of the return of the Israelites from captivity. And then he adds, “Enthusiasm is the breath of God, and the old Amen

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Corner was the place for enthusiasm.” But the point to him is one of spiritual philosophy. For he goes on to cite the present tendency toward a pride in intellectual apprehension, rather than in a spiritual absorption of the truth of the Divine Word. And he concludes, “Once there was deep earnestness and a sense of the presence of God in literal power. . . . To-day the need for more fervor and personal participation in the spirit of worship is the greatest need of the Church.”

CHAPTER V.

THE GLOW FROM THE GRAIL.

THE Cup of God, as described in the Parsifal story, was marked by a divine, mystical glow, which, from the Chalice as a heaven-shining center, streamed out upon all around. The human interest attaching to the ideal figure of Parsifal consists in the fact that to him it was due that the Chalice, with its life-giving glow, was retained to erring humanity. But this idea that through contact with God there is strength, healing, and life, is older and more far-reaching in its sweep than any legendary fancy or tradition. An old Dutch painter has a picture showing the first Christmas. It is night. The humble shelter of Bethlehem is wrapped in gloom. The only illumination of the scene, and that with invisible rays, is a mystic light softly shining from the new-born Child. Here and there the dark is penetrated by the glory from the Christ.

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Whithersoever the glory falls, the night shineth as the day. Whatsoever the glory touches leaps out of darkness into radiance.

This picture by the Dutch artist appears understandable enough. “Light has come into the world!” sang the monks at the coronation of the great Leo. This canvas, we say, is a vivid portrayal of the true Light of the World—

“Hail, holy cave, though dark thou be,
The world is lighted up by thee.”

The truth is, however, that the Holland painter is a mystic. Like Hokusai, the Japanese color-print maker, who called himself “an old man mad with color,” this portrayer of the Bethlehem scene was blinded with excess of light. His brush spilled over a little of what was in his soul. In spirit, the artist is one with those children of the East who apprehend that which they call “The Gospel of Light.” They love such phrases as “The Splendor of God,” “The Glory of the Glory of God.” The Shintoist song has a favorite refrain—“Thy way, O God, is a path of Light!” Most of us know

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little about the Bab or the Bahai religion, except such scraps of information as we can gleam with no small difficulty. But notably, perhaps, in that faith, mixed up a little with polygamy, there seems to be this craving for "Light," springing doubtless out of the spiritual inheritance of millenniums. Marking these Eastern faiths ever recur such conceptions as these—

"The True One hath become manifest
Like unto the Shining Sun.
Pity that He hath come in the City of the Blind."

"Everything is mortal save the face of God.
To His beauty there are no veils but LIGHT."

"A dream of a shadow is man. But whenso honor
Cometh given of Zeus,
There dwelleth on men a bright light
And pleasant life."

Are all such pagan fore-shinings broken
lights of the Crystal Christ?

"Thou art, O Lord, the light and life
Of all this wondrous world we see.
Its glow by day, its sheen by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
In all Thy works Thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are Thine."

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The art of the Hollander, therefore, may serve to us as a suggestion. It speaks of an all-involving reign of the Spirit which gives the birth at Bethlehem celestial meaning. It is the apprehending of a living Personal Reality at the bosom of that eternity to whose mysteries we haste. The good old Netherlander long since was called to the nearer light. But the idealism of his art remains to haunt the beholder with a sense of the nearness of the Divine. It lifts the curtain behind which throb Divine processes.

The thought may emerge a little more clearly, perhaps, if we turn to a singular antithesis. The poetry of Arabia sprang from the songs of her camel drivers. The Arabian poets from early days have been called “The Singing Caravan.” Poetry of such origin not unexpectedly would deal largely with terrestrial and sensuous things. Until the time of Job, nature and the world were disjuncted from God; they were the shadow of God. But the neighbors of the Arabs, the Hebrews, understood nature. In singing of nature, all their songs were of

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God. They discerned clearly that nature is the garment of Jehovah. And so when they sang of nature the clouds of glory did not disappear. David, when picturing the coming of Messias into the sphere of earthly things and striving to describe those who were to mark His coming, exclaims, "They looked unto Him and were radiant."

In Benares, one day, we looked through the peephole in the wall by which unbelievers may behold the Shiva god of the Golden Temple in that sacred city of the Hindus. There we witnessed what might be termed a real instance of soul-telesthesia, the spiritual mystery of soul-transference and influence. Around the gleaming image of Shiva flickered lighted candles. Within the circle of light the visage of each pilgrim, as, for a moment, he bowed before his god, was lighted up by a weird reflection from the shining god—a reflection of lust, hatred, destructiveness, diabolism, or despair. Just for a fleeting instant was seen the miracle, then the face vanished again into the dark.

That Benares episode pictures the reflex

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side of this same law of the all-pervading Spirit. The influence from the evil god, denial of the true Light, falls upon human hearts and lives with baleful reflections. And the soul carries this influence out, perhaps, to add new fierceness to Assam head-hunting, to gild Ceylon sin experiences, or to bring tragedy to birth beside some immense Himalayan gulf in which the eagles swim. But none the less the divine truth remains. And through all it streams up, at the last, to conquer.

In his Psalms, the Hebrew singer describes this final victory of the Divine Light. Being a mountain man, the shepherd poet uses the mountains as a setting for his description. He selects as a natural phenomenon for illustration the coming of the dawn over the mountain peaks. This the Hebrews called Aijeleth Shahar, Hind of the Morning, because, as you gaze, the light rays take on the appearance of the antlers of a shining, heavenly deer coming up over the mountains.

Through the shadows of the world looks the Savior, Divine Hind of the Morning.

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Even as He looks, lo, across the dark shoot rays of glory, and the night, with its heaving, rolling, despairing heart of chaos, is kissed into a dazzling chariot of the King.

In the Twenty-second Psalm, David is sitting in the shadow of the dark, giving voice to his despair. Suddenly his heart leaps. He sees the Lord. The Psalm hardly ends. It swells over into another Psalm, the immortal Twenty-third Psalm, where faith is lost in sight and love breaks into glory. This is why the Book says that the Twenty-second Psalm is sung upon Aijeleth Shahar. This also is why untold souls have been comforted and have entered into visions of which it were not lawful to speak, as for them out of the dark has come that heavenly sunburst, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

To one thus enlightened the Incarnation is the natural unveiling of the Splendor of God. From that Splendor the things which for the moment abide, catch their light and shining. They look unto Him and are radiant. Moses, on Sinai, with face shining from the presence of the Almighty, and

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again Moses on the Mount, transfigured in the presence of the Son of God, marks the historic sweep of that Divine progress which logically, if apocalyptically, can end only in a celestial city which shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine upon it, for the glory of God shall lighten it and the lamp thereof shall be the Lamb.

The picture on the canvas of the old artist is, of course, only symbolic of this sweep of the Divine progress. It registers, as it were, in human terms the earthly movement of the life of the Spirit. If we trace out the conception of the painter, in its suggested touches here and there, we simply find ourselves carried out into various channels of life and experience where the larger promise still is all before us. In its widest reach, for example, the glory from the Christ Child falls on a star. This star-messenger is imagined as remaining after the departure of the angel escort described in the story. It is as if to make sure how earth will receive her King. For the universe belongs to this new-come Monarch. The artist fancy is not without its

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logical connection. The mingled brightness of manger and star, what is it if it is not a twofold prophecy that the planet which has cradled God shall be made rich by His royal bounty? And is not this coming to pass? Is not this gray old world breaking into sweetness and flower? Only yesterday, as earth reckons time, the American continent was “red in tooth and claw with ravin of savage beasts and men.” To-day lush gardens laugh with happy homes. Villages cluster where the wild hog rooted and the red deer made her home. Where once we walked, now wings waft us. Lightnings are our thought-flashes. The chimeras of the ancients are our burden-bearers, whose four-footed tramplings make glad the world. For the hydra which once blew on the face of the waters to-day is the steamship. The dragon which vomited flame is the locomotive. The griffin, which with the wings of an eagle and the claws of a tiger flew, the monster of the air, now is the air-ship. So, at least, interprets Victor Hugo our mechanical conquest over sea, earth, and air. But this is only the begin-

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ning. A thousand years hence what world-riddles will have been solved. Was Faust dreaming true? Are the very earth-spirits themselves to be subject to us? The mind refuses to grasp the prospect. Poetic faith alone can forecast what shall be. Through Paradise Regained shall flow the crystal river. Through unfading landscapes of the larger husbandry shall run happy pathways of a new earth.

Shining past the star into lower domains of darkness, the mystic light falls upon a human face. It is a repulsive face. With jealous hate, the countenance marks the scene from the background. Herod, it is—he who sought to slay the young Child. The light for a second touches the face as if in pity. Then the visage vanishes. That face of Herod is the symbol of sin—sin whose dark throne was conquered when in the little town of Bethlehem shone the everlasting Light. There are they who say that the world is growing worse; that it is morally and spiritually decadent; that crime, misery, wretchedness wax; that our modern cities are lazarus houses; that cynical materialism,

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born of accumulated wealth, has become a leprosy on house and garment. But such malarial cries are stilled by the voice of the angel, whose message is good tidings of great joy, news of “the entrance into human life of the eternal Son of God for our salvation; tidings of an infinite love that gives its hands to the nails that it may save the men that are driving the nails; tidings of a forgiveness that cancels sin’s penalties; of a grace that breaks sin’s power, and of eternal life in a realm where sin can not come.” A world that forever is better, happier, more radiant, echoes the voice of the angel. Heavenly influences have become a celestial magnet. That magnet is drawing the universe upward toward the divine purity, sweetness, and love.

Within the stable of Bethlehem, as the artist represents the incident, the light shines more effulgent. Something of the pathos of the hour and place now is revealed. Against the further gloom are outlined cattle, weariedly resting.

Redemption, as there pictured, comprehends even the beasts of the field. Their

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burdens and sorrows also are not forgotten in the wondrous story.

But the scene grows more intimate. The supernal glory lights up a group of three men—three “wise men,” says the record; “three kings out of the morning land,” says tradition. But behind these barbaric forms a vast and radiant company of beings looks and crowds inward. From the limits of the world they are coming. Out of their night they are struggling, holding up to the Divine Light their treasures of wisdom, government, and power. What art paints ideal, life finds real. Against the benighted impulses of nations relying on brute force, the sweet influences of Pleiades, the celestial upward gravitation from the Star King, oftentimes may seem to avail but little. None the less, whether or no Faust saw behind the veil, certainly John Milton pierced the infinite. And never was his lyre tuned to higher or truer strain than when the poet sang of the peace which the divine nativity presaged—

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“The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng.”

One claiming to have been an eye-witness of the happening is responsible for a remarkable story of the Siege of Paris. As midnight ushered in the Christmas Day of that dreadful winter, runs the story, out on the lines of the two hostile armies a French private soldier, a well-known singer, leaped into plain sight of the enemy and began to sing a carol of the Christ Child, set to contagious melody. Hardly had the echoes of the song died away over the snow when a burly German artilleryman strode out from the investing trenches and began to sing a tender German folk song of Christmas. This time the close of the carol was acclaimed by joyful shouts from both armies—“Noël, Noël, Weihnachtzeit, Weihnachtzeit!”

Yes, the lighted faces of those barbaric kings mean a triumphant Prince of Peace. For the light that streamed through the manger of Bethlehem into the hearts of men, slowly but with ever-increasing radi-

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ance, is suffusing and interpenetrating all human thinking and doing. "Christendom writes the poems, writes the orations, writes the philosophies, makes all the original discoveries of science, writes the history of mankind." To borrow a figure, the Christian Church, the one eternal conqueror whose banner mounts to every citadel, sweeping forward forever at the heart of a mystery of encasing Deity, "views all worlds of science and art and philosophy and government, all the shining moods of human culture and all the blasted survivals of departed glory through the infinite transparency and peace of the Eternal Spirit." Yet to the watcher this divine progress seems slow. At times, as one fingers the beads of a rosary, it helps the heart to name the names of some of the torchbearers who have been carrying forward the sacred flame.

There was a pioneer of the spirit, a captain of the soul who brought new dignity and radiance to all human thinking. Some who were his pupils wot not the wonder that they saw. The debt which they owe to him can not be paid. But did not

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their hearts burn within them as, under the spell of his spirit calling to their spirits as the angel called to Esdras under the oak tree, “the sense of the eternal received fresh stimulus from the immeasurable prospect of an infinite and living universe, while radiant truths did swim before them in a rapturous vision?” To him the dream was so golden, so divine, that at the last he felt it worth the pangs of the crossing to read the open secret. Borden Parker Bowne—unto the Lord of Light he looked and was radiant. Yes, name his name, shining torch-bearer who, in his turn, was summoned to the nearer Light. But even in the unveiled Splendor of the Sun of Truth this soul must be

“Still climbing after knowledge infinite
And ever moving as the restless spheres.”

Under the artist brush, a nearer group stands revealed in the Bethlehem khan. These kneel adoring. Rough, hairy men are they, clad in skins and bearing crooks and staves. The shaggy outlines mark the shepherd. These shepherds are humanity

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—wandering, burden-bearing, sorrow-sore humanity. And against the Palestinian night, upon these kneeling shepherds the brightness from the Holy Child with heightened luster lingers tenderly. Wherever men meet the Son of God face to face, there they experience help and healing. They learn the brotherhood of love. Because they, through Him, are “the children of God called to the liberty of love,” their lives, however broken or despoiled, have right of way.

But there is a new and vital revelation to the human spirit made clear through these Shepherd toilers. These watchers of the field kneeling in the light no sooner had heard the angel message than they leaped from their wretched night as those that dream. “Let us now go,” they said, “and see this thing which is come to pass.” Pathologists of crime come, sometimes, from certain abysmal corners of the underworld, bringing what they are certain is a new secret for the rescue of lost souls. But there is none save the old secret—that

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of the shepherds. A life that is lost in the night must rejoice at the voice of the angels. It must turn instantly and gladly toward the Light, saying, "Let me now go and see!" Then, answering as immediately, in whatever humblest place, comes the miracle. The life, flooded with celestial morning, finds "a new efficiency through a deeper insight into the purpose of Jesus Christ." They who have not beheld the miracle shall find no comfort by setting their mouths against the heavens. Within themselves must they search to find the reason—

"The angels keep their ancient places;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing,
'T is ye, 't is your estranged faces,
 That miss the many-splendored thing."

Upon one last group does the streaming glory fall. The group is of two—the earthly father and mother of the Child. The heart of the Middle Ages was broken by a song. This song was a hymn which a Franciscan monk, in his cell remembering his old de-

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serted mother, wrote out of heartaches and tear-wet memories—*Stabat Mater Dolorosa*:

“At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.”

Throughout Christendom few ideas sway so many hearts as does this subtle appeal of the Virgin Mary. Through all her tumultuous, amazing career, the Roman Church has held up this conception of the Motherhood of God as an unchanging assurance of Divine consolation. While this primitive appeal knocks at the heart the celestial universe is not dumb, as Carlyle claimed to find it. No. This figure of the mother of the Lord, mystically lighted up by the glory of her sacrificial relation to her Babe, shows us the eternal reason come to utterance in human life. But it reveals much more. It shows that light is not our only need in this world. “The central fact of the universe is the cross, with its revelation of the

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law of moral love.” Daily existence simply will mock us unless its catastrophes glow with spirit-filled purpose. The way out to conquest is to understand that through catastrophe we may share in the Divine sacrificial love. “If only we had the right sort of eyes, God-given eyes, grace-washed eyes,” then we would see that the very happenings, which erstwhile have caused us to lament, now bid us to sing. For at their heart they are “strange bright birds, on their starry wings bearing the rich hues of all glorious things.” By our side is God Himself to aid and to comfort. Like Mary, at the foot of the cross, weeping yet comforted, like Cyrano de Bergerac, out of the cataclysm that crashes upon us to clutch our souls, we can say,

“So when I left the flames in which I swam,
Mine eyes saw blots of Gold on everything.”

The supreme, compelling fact, therefore, is that through the Christ alone can we understand the Divine; only through a personal identity with the Son of God can we find God fully; only through sharing in

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the purposes of the Christ can we find celestial stimulation for life. This radiant fact is, to borrow the phrase of the mystics, "the embalmer of the world. The silent song of the stars is it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOICE AND THE PROPHET FOR TO-DAY.

THIS is an age of transition. Everywhere are signs of change in the attitude of the human spirit. In all fields of human interest

“A voice that never stills
Sings and sings a soul into things
And builds the world anew.”

The search, to-day, always is for the new thing. It is the New Civilization, the New Education, the New Psychology, the New Chemistry, the New Woman, the New Bible. The old religion appears in a New Theology, the old patriotism in a New Politics. The old philanthropy awakes in New Institutions, the old brotherhood in a New Social Order. A resistless leaven is leavening. Old forms are outworn. Old traditions are outgrown. New wine is

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bursting the bottles of the grandfathers. Could our ancestors of two or three generations ago awake to find themselves in the present atmosphere of life, they hardly would credit their senses. Within fifty years there have been established theories, doctrines, truths that are changing the character and aim of the race.

Of all these changes, however, the most notable is a religious and spiritual transformation. We have seen how the only rational explanation of the universe is through God, and how the only understanding of God and the supreme approach to Him is through the Christ. So, now this spiritual transformation is understood best from the fact that it arises largely out of an altered attitude toward Jesus. Because of this it has created a new faith-life. The widening sweep of this new faith-life is nothing less than a renaissance of the human spirit. This spiritual renaissance is distinctly of our own time. For we need turn back but a few years to find quite a contrary attitude toward the things of the Spirit. Matthew Arnold pictures the feeling of his day—

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“The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth’s shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl’d.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.”

Dr. George A. Gordon declares: “When I went to Harvard College, agnosticism was ascendent all over the educated world. Materialism was browbeating everybody who had a faith. You who are young to-day know not the state of the intellectual world then. You find idealism in science, you find idealism in philosophy, you find idealism in history, you find idealism everywhere to-day. Thirty-five years ago materialism and agnosticism were everywhere.”—(*The Vision on the Way, Commencement Address at Simmons College, 1913.*) So vital and so swift has been the change of front that many, who to other tendencies of the time are most sensitive, as yet have not grasped this fact concerning the spiritual life. An interesting illustration of this is found in an

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incident taken from a story by one of the most popular novelists of the day: "So he idled for another half-hour at the piano, recalling half-forgotten melodies of the age of faith, which, like all art of that immortal age, can never again be revived. For art alone was not enough in those days. The creator of the beautiful was also endowed with faith; all the world was so endowed; and it was such an audience as never again can gather to inspire any maker of beautiful things."

None the less, the angel of the new dispensation has been calling to this generation from over against the oak tree, and has been giving the generation to drink from the cup of flame. And men have drunk. As a result, there has emerged a new belief in the things of the Spirit. This new belief in the things of the Spirit seems to have as its reason for being, and to centralize itself more and more in, a new appreciation of the Son of Mary. This new appreciation is of such a character that we might term it a New Feeling for Jesus. In a sense, of course, this new feeling is not

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new at all. It was co-existent with the birth of Christianity. When Jesus first began to preach, men and women forsook everything to follow Him. Everything else in life—possessions, family, friends, ease, position—all things were cast aside for the joy of hearing and being with the new Teacher. Persecution only brought out in more consistent form this devotion to the Lord. When Jesus had left His followers, the glow of the first radiant enthusiasm gradually began to die down. For a while, it is true, it lingered, as a priceless heritage, in certain loyal hearts. Then was seen a divine fulfillment of those words—

“And His look, or a word He hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man’s heart.”

For, through the light which on the soul had broken, Perpetua was inspired to visions immortal; Polycarp exulted to his judges that no fire or lion could break his eighty-six years of service for the Christ; Ignatius declared his one desire to be that through a martyr’s death he might be assured of seeing Jesus; Aristides, about to

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be burned, was lifted up to say that he and his fellow-Christians, rich in the possession of the grace of the Lord, were more blessed than all the men who were upon the face of the earth. And yet, the vision faded. Slowly but surely it departed from the eyes of men.

In the Freer Manuscript have been found some long-lost verses of the New Testament which the scholars who explain them as a marginal interpolation have assigned to the Gospel of St. Mark. Whether or not the verses are to be accepted, they indicate a thought tendency of the time in which they originated. After the passage in the Gospel where it is said that Jesus upbraided His disciples for their unbelief, the newly discovered text continues as follows: "And they excused themselves, saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who, through the agency of unclean spirits, suffers not the true power of God to be apprehended. For the cause, they say unto Christ, reveal now at once Thy righteousness. And Christ said unto them, the limit of the years of the powers of Satan

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is (not) fulfilled, but it draweth near. For the sake of those that have sinned was I given up unto death, that they may return unto the truth and sin no more, but may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven."

The Great Deceiver, the "Satan" whose limit of years of powers was not fulfilled, must have brought to bear on the early Church his own satanic suggestions. For among the causes of a great change in the primitive feeling for Jesus that gradually arose one was calculated to deceive the elect. Pagan emperors who hitherto had been associated not a little with the realm of that Satan whom the disciples blamed for the defeat of the power of God—these very emperors became believers. Then, as if to dignify their own conversion, the emperors sought to add to the Son of Mary every concomitant of earthly splendor. Royal garments, stiff with embroidery, were hung awkwardly on the Son of the carpenter. Imposing basilicas were erected. These temples of the court faith were filled with the pride of pompous ceremonies and stately

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chants. Even the most scrupulous of the saints, when they remembered how hard-won was this place of power and honor, could not but revel in it and accept all its gleaming outward marks as glorious symbols and visible proof of the victory of Jesus. And so, in time, the tender Teacher of Galilee, the Friend of publicans and the Lover of little children began to be dimmed under a new conception of Austere Lordship. Above the altar was erected a Judge whose message retained little of the flower-fragrance from the Love-Story of old. It was a threat of a surely-coming Dies Iræ, or Day of Wrath. This conception of Jesus, while its basis shifted, in essence remained quite the same in the hands of the reformers. And so that first, clear, true knowledge of Jesus, that first, contagious enthusiasm for Him became little less than a lost idea.

The distinctive feature concerning this lost idea, however, is that, in our time, it is being rediscovered. It is re-emerging under fresh conditions. It has a new relation to the general mind that, up to now, has been unknown. For this reason we may be justi-

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fied, perhaps, in saying that, after all, it is a new feeling for Jesus. And now this new appreciation of the Son of Mary is possessing the world. It is taking captive the heart of humanity. Men who have nothing to do with the Church, men who are agnostics and skeptics and rank haters of the Church, are uniting to exalt Jesus. Philosophy and science to-day acknowledge that the life of the Man of Galilee "has radically transformed our human values and sits in continuous judgment over the world." Social unrest and labor discontent accept but one solvent—the only remedy for all wrongs is the brotherhood of the Christ, the only arbitration that will cover the whole case is the arbitrament provided for in the Golden Rule of Jesus.

Enter what realm of life you may, it still is the same. In art, Rodin devotes the highest efforts of his extraordinary power to picture lessons which spring from the teachings of the Divine Thinker. In music, Sir Edward Elgar, whose genius is leading a revival of the creative side of melody, turns with most tender touch to

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themes like "The Dream of Gerontius," or "The Music Makers," where is told how the masters of the world, the molders of empire, are not the great of earth, but poets, singers, dreamers. The music-makers, the dreamers of dreams, they are

"the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

The theater shares in the trend. Not only in popular plays like "The Servant in the House," but also in great mystical dramas, such as "Hamele" and "The Fool in Christ," by Gerhart Hauptman, it is seen how even on the stage the Man of Sorrows holds forth His promise to the worsted, the submerged in life.

The notable poets of the present time acknowledge that the deepest source of their inspiration is this dependence upon the Christian revelation. In none of their voices, however, do we seem to find so clear an echo of the divine as in the majestic, if veiled, utterance of that singer who one dawn, a few years ago, died and found

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death the gateway of fame. Francis Thompson, "greatest in his obscurity," saw more clearly than any other seer of our day the immanent spirit in the inanimate. How surely he leads the way to a spiritual interpretation of life may be seen from his lines "To a Snow-Flake." But the deepest significance of the singing of Francis Thompson is the fact that in the ideal passion of his song is revived the attitude that they say died in the ages of faith. As he sings, one sees "the traffic of Jacob's ladder pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross," one beholds

" . . . Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames."

The divine insight of the man and his solemn vision may be judged from his "Hound of Heaven." Both are found fused in mystic splendor in the opening lines:

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears

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I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed
after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.' "

In government, it is no idle fantasy in international politics that, more and more, world events, such as those which well-nigh have turned Mohammedan rule out of Europe and have shaken down the pagan dynasty of China, are fulfilling the vision of the prophet that "the government shall be upon His shoulder,"—He whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Prince of Peace.

Finance, that last stronghold of the secular spirit, to-day confesses the Kingship of Jesus. Finance, to its utmost endeavor, keeps the peace of the world. It confesses the headship of the Prince of Peace. The

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last will and testament of the late J. Pierpont Morgan was a notable proof of this. But the editorials of the *Wall Street Journal* long have been confessing that "what this country needs is a revival of old-time personal religion, the kind that our fathers and mothers had, who counted it good business, right in the middle of harvest, to take time to hold family prayer before breakfast, and who quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting."

There is, it is true, one tendency of recent time that would seem to mark a consistent and determined departure from both the practice and the standards set by Jesus. This tendency is represented in the so-called "School of Modern Revolt." This Modern Revolt has not a few brilliant protagonists. Among them, as the most popularly recognized, perhaps, we might name Nietzsche, Ibsen, and G. Bernard Shaw, though they all borrow many of their ideas from Schopenhauer. These maintain that the time-honored and time-worn pillars of society are undermined. Indeed, the an-

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cient and respectable pillars of society are falling. The new day will bring a new ethical and spiritual experience. It will be the unmorality of the Superman—an unmorality that transcends our accepted, traditional notions of what is right and wrong. It will be a higher range of human development that has cast off the old-fashioned Christian standard as an outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea.

The present-day revival of the Schopenhauer cult is not without deep significance. In it the abject pessimism of the companion philosopher, Hartman, is missing. The movement itself, therefore, can not be interpreted as a return of that wave of despair which once threatened to engulf the thinking of the Western world. It is rather a protest against modern conditions which in their social aspects are so complex and disappointing. It is a sign that materialism shall not prevail. This world, as has been said with truth, never consents to be governed except by divinely inspired ideals. Even discouraged hearts and minds that have not come into the fullness of

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light make themselves felt in this yearning for conquest over the material. The renaissance of the Schopenhauer idea, therefore, is not a backward tendency. It is rather one phase of a divine discontent seeking a way of escape. Rightly interpreted, the "Modern Revolt," as such, is more seeming than real. Examined in the proper setting, the idea of the Superman is the Christ-dream of humanity. The difference is in the method of approach. The Roman Emperor Claudius, so widely reprobated, in one particular, at least, was a public benefactor. The imperial favorite occupation was to kill flies. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is not nearly so dreadful or shocking as he would have his gentle readers believe. His vitriolic flings at social shams and hypocrisy serve at least as a moral germicide for the social atmosphere. His own life is worthy of commendation in its attitude toward duty and self-sacrificing desire for the improvement of humanity. In time, without doubt, he will come to realize and acknowledge that the solution of the whole Superman problem is found in a Lazarus-like

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spiritual resurrection through the Christ, the Son of God.—(*Dostoieffsky, Crime and Punishment*, pp. 265-267.)

In France, where the Modern Revolt at one time seemed to have right of way, and where the gods of lubricity and decadence had made their home, even here a new idealism is springing up. It may not speculate on abstractions, it may not rewrite “*Le Contrat Social*.” The theories of Professor Bergson may have some analogies with pragmatism. None the less, France is facing a new and nobler day. A new French idealism, “discerned in what Frenchmen to-day say and do, is bodying forth the passion of the younger generation for ideas.” And the inner soul of the work of M. Bergson is stirring new aspirations in every field to which the Gallic spirit has access.

Thus everywhere we mark the angel with the cup of flame, everywhere we discern the waning of materialistic ideals of life and the waxing of the New Feeling for Jesus.

If it is asked to define this new feeling

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for Jesus, we might answer at once that it is a glad surprise of human love. It is a passion of friendship and personal loyalty arising from a sense of immediate moral contact with the most beautiful and divinely lovable personality that this world has known. What lends redemptive significance to this human love for the Lord is the fact that through it we have access to the divine heart of God. We already have observed that one of the marks of the age is a deepening of faith in the unseen. But this deepening faith is accompanied by a closer reliance upon the explanation that the Christ gives concerning the future and the invisible world. It is, however, characteristic of the religious experience that, having come into this true faith-fellowship with the Lord, we are carried on out into a real partnership with Him in His work. His work is a redemptive search for souls. The success of the Primitive Church lay in the fact that the first Christians grasped this vital central truth of the Gospel. Each one of them entered personally into the Lord's passion for souls. Each one of

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them, therefore, was as a burning bush with God in it.

This personalized evangelism, this holy passion for souls is the only possible program for a successful Church. The Church has tried all other methods, and these all have broken down in shameful collapse. But now, just as the world has had enough of quack religions and political cure-alls and is getting back to the Ten Commandments and the fear of the Lord, so the Church is awakening to the realization that the only way to conquest is to put into passionate effectiveness God's providential provision for the unshepherded masses. That provision is that they who have drunk of the cup that Jesus drank of shall see the divine halo everywhere, and therefore with Him who counted nothing common or unclean shall go out to find those who have been caught in the drift away from God—if need be, shall lay down their lives for the sheep. At every hazard they shall woo the unchurched and homeless, the indifferent and undone, to hear the glad tidings of the Good Shepherd. That is the gist of all

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modern sociology. Adolf Harnack truly says that "the Gospel is a social message, solemn and overpowering; it is the proclamation of solidarity and brotherliness in behalf of the poor." Viewing the program of the Church from this angle alone, we almost might agree that "the noblest result of the Wesleyan movement may be found to be that it began the attempt that has not ceased from that day to this to remedy the guilt and ignorance, the physical suffering and social degradation of the profligate and the poor."

But there is far more involved here than a personalized evangelism. Being pledged thus to win the people, the Church has come to see that the only way to accomplish this is to put in practice the method of the Master and gain the victory through a sensational Gospel. By a sensational Gospel we do not mean any sinister implication of the idea. We mean that dramatic stir in the social conscience and in the human heart which faithful preaching of the Word never fails to bring when it is backed up by the Power that rolls the stars along. Every

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faithful herald of the Gospel stands "pledged to cause a sensation in the community in which he preaches or else quit the business." Such sensationalism is Scriptural. Was not Jesus Himself sensational? How heard the city of Herod that new prophetic strain concerning the terrors of the wrath to come? To the honored guardians of the most holy faith in that age did not the new message seem blasphemy? "Now we know," they said to the Preacher, "that Thou hast a devil." We need have no fear. The shocking power is in the Gospel and in the Book, if we only know how to get it out. The cry of a loyal herald of the Word, as of a loyal Church, will be, "Son of the Living God, help me to preach a sensational Gospel!"

And yet the Gospel that thus shall be able to shock and thrill and convert will have to be a full Gospel. It will need to be a preaching of Jesus, with all His attributes. He is not only the Wonderful, the Counselor, the Prince of Peace, but He is also the Mighty God and the Everlasting Father. The storm-center of human con-

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duct and thinking to-day is the Deity of Jesus. Nothing can divert the human heart from this issue. Confronted by sin in its last entrenchments, the Vedanta philosophy, the yellow-robed Swami business, all the sweet unreasonableness of occultism, with some other rather more respectable isms, do not work. No. Jesus is the Redeemer from sin, because He Himself is the "Key to all mysteries and the Soul of all things." If there is any doubt in the matter, let the pragmatists apply the test. What does work? Confronted by modern social conditions, with all the tinsel taken off, with life stripped bare and standing forth, just as those who know the underworld, and also the upperworld, have averred that life really is—what does work? "Christ alone, by His gift of life," says Bishop Candler, "can create a patriarchy of redeemed souls, who, through Him, are sons of God. Christ alone, therefore, has the right to universal dominion. . . . The final civilization of this world is to be . . . an unearthly Kingdom of the Spirit imposed upon men from the highest heavens. And because

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Christ alone can bring us this—Christ, the King in His beauty, clothed with an awful majesty, yet tenderly stooping down to wipe away the tears from the sorrow-stained cheeks of His redeemed children—because Christ alone, I say, can bring us this, He has the right to reign both here and in the world to come.” Men live when to them the river cometh. When through human consciousness there runs the mighty river of “enthroned and sovereign truths, of atonement and resurrection and the sublime and awful prospect of an unveiled immortality,” then it is that redemption “works.” Wherever, like some earthly overflow from that crystal river out of the Throne, this gulf stream of the Spirit touches men and women, it wins them back from death. It turns life itself into a glory land of sunshine and of spring “musical with the sound of many waters, flowing with gladsome rivulets to cheer and refresh the children of men.”

This redemption, some have thought, is the supreme seal of the Gospel. Ardent lovers of the quick coming of the Kingdom

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have concentrated their efforts upon the proclamation of this salvation. Who would deny their wisdom? Who would gainsay the fundamental truth that the world needs redemption through Christ, the Son of God? Who that knows the world to-day will dare to deny that the one hope of humanity lies in this redemption? On the other hand, is it not equally true that the Gospel includes another experience than that of salvation from sin? "What you owe to Milton," says De Quincey, "is not any knowledge; what you owe is power—that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upward, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth." What we owe to the Gospel is not only truth that makes men free, but also that union with the Life of the Spirit which infills and girds us for conquest. Into the brain of Agassiz had come the secret of the earth spirit, and to Agassiz we owe the new spiritual interpretation of Nature. Into the blood of Gladstone had

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gone Homer. And in Gladstone liberal England found her Achilles. Into the heart of James Russell Lowell had burned Dante. And when human freedom seemed destined to darkness, the lark note of morning was heard in the voice of Lowell. Into the soul of John Bright there had been fused Shakespeare. And in the pleadings of John Bright were heard the tragedies of lowliest toil and all the brave hopes and dearer emotions of our common humanity. But into the being of John Bunyan rolled a wider and deeper tide. As if in fulfillment of the experience of that other John, the Divine, this tinker had taken and eaten the book out of the hand of the angel which standeth upon the sea and upon the earth. And immortality alone can cast up the account of John Bunyan as each Valiant-for-truth passes over the river and all the trumpets sound for him on the other side. The book from the hand of the angel is the book of immortal power. Yes, the Book and the Christ not only bring us assurance of redemption, but they also hold forth the promise of power, that mysterious, divine

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power of the Spirit of which the first step is “a flight, an ascending into another element where earth is forgotten,” and His legions of angels keep watch and ward.

It is this power that to-day we must have. This exercise and expansion of our latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, this we must have if we are to lift ourselves up to be partakers in the thinking, life and purposes of God. The world knows this. It is the mark of our time that humanity is awakening to this fact. John R. Mott, who has gone through all lands, says, “What sinful men up and down this world want is not more teaching as to what they ought to do and be in higher ideals and in fresh examples, but power which energizes the will to do its duty.”—(*Queen's Hall Address, London.*) This energizing power we find only in the Book and in the Christ—“Thou hast the words of eternal life.” The Divine Word has that vibrating vitality that touches the sleeping conscience and leaps from life to life. The Bible is a medium of influence through which the energizing power enables the will

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to do its duty. He of whom it was said, "The Word was with God, and the Word was God"—He alone has the right to say, "My words are spirit, and they are life."

The first promise of Jesus to His disciples was that they should have power. The last promise of the resurrected Lord to His disciples was that they should have power after that the Holy Ghost was come upon them. And it is through this Spirit-filled power that we may enter into that final, supreme promise which makes the last page of the Book to shine like the dawn. We can have the gift of the morning star. Yes, the morning star—and that is the best star, for it is the star of hope, the radiant emblem of victory. The morning star—that is celestial assurance of conquest, for in the storm-swept night of the heart of humanity it is foretoken of the joy of a new day. The night is far-spent, it says, darkness well-nigh is done; soon, brushing away all tears of earth, dews of the night of weeping, the Dayspring Himself from on high will visit us. Over all humanity will break the morning light of the children of God.

PART II.

THE WATER-WINE-CUP OF DEATH- DEDICATION.

*“And it came to pass on the morrow that, lo,
a voice called me, saying, Esdras, open
thy mouth, and drink that I
give thee to drink.”*

Away from the market and glory happeneth everything that is great; away from the market and glory have ever lived the inventors of new values.

Thus spake Zarathustra.—FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

He (King Bomba) was sealed to his idols as surely as Cavour to his ideals. The degradation of the ideal into the idol constitutes the real fall of man. . . . To Bomba, they (the political prisoners) were an embodied Nemesis, a warning that no matter how strongly tyranny, be it of Church, State, or army, may be entrenched, it can never safely neglect, despise, or crucify the righteous. “By their long memories, the gods are known.”

LIFE OF CAOUR. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

The upright man in justice bold
Who dares his steadfast purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the mob’s seditious cries,
The threat’ning despot’s angry mien defies.

Round him the south wind vainly raves,—
The stormy king of Adria’s waves,
Before the thund’ring Jove with mighty hands,
'Neath falling skies, their ruin he withstands.

—HORACE, ODES, III, 3.

Carried down alive to wondrous depths, where strange shapes of the unwarped primal world glided to and fro before his passive eyes, Pip saw the multitudinous God-omnipresent, coral insects, that out of the firmament of waters heaved the colossal orbs. He saw God’s foot upon the treadle of the loom, and spoke it; and therefore his shipmates called him mad. So man’s insanity is heaven’s sense; and wandering from all mortal reason, man comes at last to that celestial thought, which, to reason, is absurd and frantic; and weal or woe, feels then uncompromised.
—HERMAN MELVILLE, MOBY DICK, page 360.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANGEL'S CUP AND FRANCESCO BERNARDONE.

“ONE day of sunshine,” says Joachim di Fiore, a thirteenth century mystic, “there came to me a youth of exquisite beauty. Holding out to me a cup, he said, ‘Joachim, drink this, for it is divine.’” When Joachim had drunk so much as he thought he had need of, he gave back the cup. But the youth, with indignation, refused it, saying, “If thou hadst drunk it all, there is not a science in the world in which thou wouldst not have been instructed perfectly. But now thou shalt have knowledge only of the Scriptures.” That one draught from the cup of the angel made Joachim the forerunner of a new age. It made him the cup-bearer to one greater who came after. For the cup which the angel refused, Joachim gave to Francesco Bernardone. Francesco kept the cup. He drank of it until his heart was music and sweet fire. He

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drank of it until his life was a fountain of understanding. He drank of it until he became the Pilot-Flame of a new experience for humanity. Then one morning, on a mountain, Francesco met the angel. With hands which no longer dared bear the cup, Francesco gave it back to celestial keeping. The angel kissed Francesco. The mortal hands and feet and heart were sealed with the marks of the Crucified. Then, ere the angel vanished, he said, "Francesco, hark, how heaven is choiring for thee!" And lo, the harping symphonies and sevenfold hal-lelujahs of that hour have not died away unto this hour.

This is the story that now we must tell. But forewarning is given that here is the life-recital of a man who, judged by the standards of time, most woefully failed. He was no captain, leading conquering legions across quaking continents. He was no imposing lawgiver, no financial colossus, reading his history in a nation's eyes. No. He was only a minstrel—a bare-foot, singing troubadour. As a minstrel, he was no "maestro" of his craft—not even a lesser

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poet. His singing was only a lyrical cry. Yet that lyrical cry was the beginning of Italian vernacular song.

Francesco was not a famous teacher. Yet he inspired to become his followers many illustrious citizens, such as Gregory IX, Louis IX of France, Christopher Columbus, Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, Roger Bacon, Bonaventura, Cimabue, Giotto, Dante.

He was not a celebrated theologian. He was a child of nature. To him a flower was the court of Deity. With Nature, "the dear old Nurse," he tried, in humblest way, by the Spirit's shining, to

" . . . read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

But that mysticism carried in its cowl the Renaissance.

He was not a statesman. He simply loved common folk and wanted all the children of God to love one another. Childhood, he said, is the Gate Beautiful of Life. So he taught little children to sing troubad-

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dour love songs about Jesus. Whenever children are heard singing Christmas carols or are seen representing the manger scene on Christmas eve, let it be remembered that children first were taught to keep Christmas eve after such manner by Francesco Bernardone.

He was not a social reformer. Sam Hadley had the social idea of Francesco. "The best way," said the Water Street expert, "to reach a dead-beat and bum who is in the gutter is to hit him in the stomach—with a beefsteak and a loaf of bread." And yet, sang our minstrel, what society needs more than it needs a new social form is a new spiritual impetus. And back up to this high-clear, apostolic note is swinging the whole reform program.

By this time it is clear that in this troubadour we face a paradox. He was poor, yet he made humanity rich. His life appeared aimless. Quickly was it burned out. Yet that life was no brief candle; it was a splendid torch. It was a great and shining fire which he had got hold of for the moment, and which he was determined

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to make burn as brightly as possible before he handed it on to future generations.

He never dreamed of being a Master-BUILDER. He merely sought to serve humanity as the flower gives its fragrance and the dawn gives its dew. But now mark the wonder of a life that thus for Love's sweet sake seemingly is squandered. Of the five workmen who, since Jesus, have lifted humanity up nearest to God—of these five, Saul of Tarsus, Augustine, Martin Luther, John Wesley, and our singing Francesco Bernardone, the little minstrel has not let his corner sag.

It was toward the close of the twelfth century. In the Apennine town of Assisi, in Umbria, Italy, there lived a prosperous cloth merchant, Pietro Bernardone. Returning home one day from one of his many absences, Bernardone found that there had been born to him a son. The mother already had had the infant christened in the cathedral as Giovanni—John. Mothers have love-divination. A spiritual John the child always would be. The father, honoring the France of his success-

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ful trade, changed the Giovanni to Francesco—Francis. The little one was taught French, the language of commerce. Practical was this seller of cloth.

But he was not so wise after all. For French was also the language of chivalry. The voice of knight errantry and noble adventure was the French singing of the troubadour minstrels. Everywhere at this moment these wandering lyrists were awakening brilliant festivities and chivalresque courts of love. They were lifting up lark notes of which the echoes never will die. Romantic adventurers, like William de Cabestanh and Pierre Vidal, with their melodies were setting all Europe sighing and singing.

“The day when first I saw thee, lady sweet,
When first thy beauty deigned on me to shine,”—

that sounds like Tennyson.

“With my breath I drink the air
That Provence, my country, sends me,”—
is not that Wordsworth?

With these singers the cloth merchant had comraded. By cities, villages, and

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castles, together they had wandered. As they went, Bernardone trafficked his wares. When at home the father told his little lad the wonders of the far country, and he taught him to sing the ballads of the troubadours. Unwise seller of cloth! In heart, Francis became a troubadour. The growing boy would be a knight errant, an adventurer. In time the youth, in Assisi's Court of Love, was chosen King of the Feast. To be a careless feaster in the thirteenth century was bad. But it was not so regrettable as it is to be a careless feaster in the twentieth century. For to be a trifler at the banquet of life to-day is to drink from the Circean cup of which the votaries at the head of the table are apt to be apes and swine.

Standing on the hillside above Assisi, Umbria lies at the feet of the beholder—Umbria—"that tender, sweet, heroic, mystic Umbria, in its ring of blue hills, where hang suspended the white cities of Foligno, Montefalco, and Spello. Nearer, straight before, on the edge of its precipice, rearing, like its own miraculous griffin, a fantastic

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bulk, frowns Etruscan Perugia. Yes, there are earthly spots so lovely that one wants to clasp them to the bosom." On this hill-side, in the riper years of his young manhood, Francis stood one morning, like that adventurer whom the poet pictures agaze on a peak in Darien. Across the sunlit plain he looked, and as he watched, slowly there rose in memory the scenes of the past. Francesco saw himself, under Assisi's gonfalon, marching to storm Perugia. He beheld himself made prisoner and for a year close held. He recalled his idle prison boast that the world yet should bow to him as a prince. He saw himself set at liberty, and thereafter fall at once a more shameful bondman to pleasure. Now, from a bed of almost mortal illness, the unhappy rioter has crept out to this spot to brood upon this prospect of peace and loveliness. But somehow, he can see only the emptiness of his days. Is it the solitude of a soul in which there is no altar? Away with such maundering. As soldier of fortune, he will drown this puling mood. So, with Walter Brienne, swash-buckler, Francesco buckles

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on harness and sword. But inglorious, the son of Bernardone returns. His is to be no battle of the warrior, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. He is to be like one of those knights errants of whom the troubadours sing, "Their dwelling place is under the shadow of their lances, and they cook their food on the ashes of conquered hatreds." While yet he is on the way, returning to Assisi, Francesco, in a vision at night, beholds an angel stand, summoning him to some mysterious enterprise which shines resplendent, but still is veiled.

Were Victor Hugo telling this tale, he would say, "Behold a cosmic battle in the universe of a stricken soul!" Here and there we catch gleams of the strife. There is more wantoning. Then there is a pilgrimage to Rome. We hear of nocturnal wanderings, weird phantasms, agonizing wrestlings. Finally, do not smile, the crucifix over the altar of the ruined church of San Damiano, near Assisi, takes pity on the youth. Yes, this old crucifix, which one still can see to-day, bows its blood-stained

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head and whispers, “Repair my Church!” Contrite, but still mistaking the Divine moving, the struggler, stone by stone, repairs the ruined sanctuary.

The cloth merchant is distraught. When did the man who is fat in stuff, with his soul partaking of that fatness—when did he ever yet recognize the blowing of the thin horn from the Castle of the Twice-Born? Goethe once visited Assisi. He came to gaze upon the façade of the ancient temple of Minerva, which stands in the market place. Having viewed the relic of pagan culture, the poet turned about and left the town contemptuously. Never a thought did he give to the happier sunrise of the spirit which as with a divine beatitude had transfigured all that holy mountain. Never a glance did he deign toward that other high place of the seekers after God. But how other could it be? To this man, so adequate to himself, the earth was eloquent, but the skies silent. As one of his biographers has remarked, “For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demigod.”

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The cloth merchant berates his boy for his incomprehensible folly. In the central square of the town, in presence of the Bishop and the people, Francesco strips himself naked. His garments he hands to his father. "Until this time," he says, "I have called Pietro Bernardone my father. But now I desire to serve God. From henceforth I desire to say nothing else than 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

Outside the gate through which had passed Wolfgang von Goethe, there stands to-day a tiny chapel. It was built by the Benedictines. It is called St. Mary of the Angels. This chapel had been in ruins. But it, too, had been repaired by the son of Bernardone. The young man was sitting before the altar of the chapel one morning in meditation. A priest was intoning the lesson for the day. The dreamer was the only hearer. Of more than middle height, the young man was dark, with a face that was delicate and kindly. His eyes were black. Had he spoken, there would have been heard in his voice a sound like the sound of the sea. "As ye go," droned

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the priestly ministrant at the altar, "preach, saying, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' Heal the sick; cleanse the lepers; raise the dead; cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give." Suddenly the young man leaps to his feet. Does he see standing before him the angel of Joachim holding out the cup and saying to him, "Francesco, drink this, for it is divine?" We know not. His follower who tells the story says that Francis hurries from the chapel. He throws away purse, staff and shoes. To the first shepherd whom he meets he gives his clothing, taking in exchange the rough frock of the shepherd. He will keep the sheep. He will awaken shepherds who sleep! It is the 24th day of February, 1209. From the cloisters of Spain, at the same time, there comes a lean man with modest air—Dominic of Castile. These two together will divide the world between them—Francis the Lover and Dominic of the Sword.

In the Metropolitan Museum in New York, in the exhibition of the work of Rodin, two pieces of sculpture stand over

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against one another. One, of dark bronze, is the figure of a man, bending forward in gloomy reverie, with head resting upon the hand. Opposite the bronze figure is a rough block of discolored white marble. Up through this block of marble is thrust a snowy hand. In the palm of the hand is the figure of a man. This man, with pathetic tenderness, is clasping to his heart a woman. The gloomy figure in bronze is entitled, "The Thinker, a Figure for the Gate of Hell." That dark image might stand for Dominic of Castile, out of whose somber thinking and intellectual hatred of heresy came the fuel and torch for many a fire of dreadful persecution. The snow-white hand is entitled "The Hand of God." The figure of the man on that dazzling palm might picture Francis of Assisi. For from the contagious, God-inspired love of Francis there came to humanity a breath from Heaven. Up from the gates of night, at the summons of his loving spirit, started men like grave-wrapped Lazarus who, through the walls of the tomb, heard the Son of God bidding him "Come forth!"

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Assisi was dumbfounded. Was there ever transformation like this? Blundering Assisi! Fat Assisi! And yet sapient Assisians. For the reckless spendthrift who once had flaunted it among them they now behold a servitor in their streets. At their feasts he had worn the King's wreath. Now their crusts call forth his gratitude. "Pazzo!" quoth the townsmen. "Pazzo—madman!" Were they not wise in their generation? Whenever some regenerator of life breaks through the hedge of tradition and does what is contrary to things as they are, does not the wise world pityingly label him "Pazzo"—"madman?" "Lunatic!" they shouted after Dr. Jenner, who discovered vaccination. "Crazy," they called DeCarles, discoverer of steam. "Cromwell hath a devil," agreed the Cavaliers. "Wendell Phillips, the crank!" "John Brown, the insane man." "Paul, thou art beside thyself!" But when the mob shouts "Madman!" the echoes, curiously enough, answer "Saint!" The twice-born are just sufficiently beside themselves to understand that the hope of humanity is in this divine

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insanity of noble souls intoxicated with other-worldliness.

This madman drew after him the third part of Assisi's heaven. The youth flocked to him as to another David in Adullam. One scene stands forth with theatrical effect. Around a chapel in a wood at midnight gather sober devotees bearing lighted torches. Into the circle of light darts a terrified young girl. She is Clare Scifi, wealthiest and loveliest maiden of Assisi. From the palace of the Scifis she has stolen away to join the troubadour-beggar. With a smile of welcome, Francis receives the fugitive. From the slender girlish neck he unclasps the baubles of vanity. He cuts off the long, fair hair. Tresses and jewels together, as dregs of Babylon, are heaped on the altar. Young dreamer and maid together kneel in consecration of her vow. Then, like children, hand in hand, the two pass out into a new world. It is said that in Assisi, long before, Clare had looked on Francis with a girl's interest. As she listened to his words, her heart, despite herself, had gone out to him. How can we

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read such a riddle of mingled human emotion and celestial calling? In his masterpiece, Fra Angelico has pictured two angels. They are standing on the gleaming threshold of opening heaven. There, ere they pass to heavenly duties, they pause to exchange a holy kiss. The angels are Francis and Clare.

But angels are not above suspicion. Francis, therefore, said to Clare one day that they must part until snowy Mt. Subasio, whereon they stood, should put forth flowers. As the young man turned away he heard the girl laugh—"Look, Brother Francesco, look, these snowdrifts bloom with roses!" In the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, on a certain November afternoon each year there is to be seen a bunch of violets laid on a tomb. The tomb is that of Abélard and Héloïse. Yes, there are love stories from which Time, that old thief, can steal nothing. Dante and Beatrice. Francesca da Rimini and Paoli, passion-pale, still wander, like storm-driven doves. Tristan and Isolde still drink the wonder drink. Faust and Margaret still

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pluck the great red rose, petal by petal, recking little that the petals fall like plashes of blood into a bottomless gulf. But here is a love that as yet knows no shadow. The song in the heart of these two Umbrian dreamers, whose very names sing themselves—Francesco and Chiara—the song in their souls is like the bird carol that with a melody born of the skies salutes the dawn on the evergreen hills of life.

So, facing a rising sun, with the shadows all falling behind, out went the visionaries to proclaim to the world their joyful evangel. They have been a far-wandered folk. Over all seas have they voyaged. Into all lands have they come to rear their monuments. In every tongue have they told their story. Into our own far West they came. During the eighteenth century he was a son of Francis who, in Southern California, founded the missions to the Indians—Junipero Serra. While the Atlantic slope was reddened by the fratricidal strife of king's men and colonists, the shores of the Pacific, under the gentle hands and spirit of the Franciscans, broke forth

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into singing. Everywhere resounded songs of Christian redmen. Beasts were fed and multiplied. Bounteous harvests made valleys golden. The sunset land, says Junipero, was "filled with large vines of grapes and roses that were like the roses of Castile."

Sad and cracked are the bells of San Gabriel. Around the grave of Brother Junipero drift ocean sands little hindered. But, so long as California remembers her own romantic birth, so long as through her gate called San Francisco the tides swirl and Brother Sun smiles before parting, there will be told to her children the story of Junipero Serra and his missionary brothers of St. Francis.

CHAPTER II.

FIRE-BRINGING MINSTRELS.

WHAT was it all about? What were these Utopians attempting? Were they wandering as beggars to escape work? Were they experimenting with a new social theory in order to relieve the tedium of life? No. They were endeavoring to right the evil times. And these were the days of which, before Francis, another troubadour had been singing—

“The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late.
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate.”

Prophets of the Age of the Spirit, like Joachim di Fiore, must have imagined that that thirteenth century was, indeed, the end of things. The century, it is true, invented spectacles, glass mirrors, and striking clocks. But were not these objective symbols of the blindness, vanity, and servitude of the

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century? Men were either ruffians or saints. Wars were of Moloch. Enmities were unspeakable. Despots lorded it like Cyclops. "Men lost the habit of laughter. Priest and soldier were supreme. Life was one long panic. The race crawled, crept, hid, dodged, secreted, lied, and nearly died." In England the cheapest copy of the Bible cost \$150. A daily wage was four cents. Italians made good cheer with herbs and a few cooked nuts. Frenchmen for their daily meat had famine and tears. In his country, says Boccaccio, Pestilence walked and wasted everywhere. Myriads, who gayly had dined with their children, supped with their ancestors. The Benedictine abbeys of the time, despising spiritual function, had become trust corporations of predatory wealth. "Abbots were as purple as their wines. Monks fed and chattered like parrots in the refectory." Secular clergy were no less faithless. Bishops were "void of conscience, drunken, lost in sensuality." "Jesus, the Savior of the world," was an idea as meaningless as the archaic smile of Greek sculpture, or the ecstatic

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“Hu!” of a howling dervish. The Church cloaked Anti-Christ. Pastoral care of souls was turning populous provinces into heaps of ashes. Two popes of the age were called Innocent. Of these two Innocents, one damned with the voice of simulated love, the other had the mouth of Buddha and the heart of a snake.

The spiritual reformer who would grapple such an age must needs be a superman of spiritual adventure. Such was Francesco Bernardone. He realized that the attempt would quench his powers; that the struggle would be grandiose, mortal; that it must end in his crucifixion. None the less, to battle would he go. Like Osiris, he would go, not with horses and chariots, but with music. And so, with the burning love of his own life-torch flinging fire on earth, Francesco Bernardone advanced on Chaos and the Dark.

The first thing that he did appeared to justify the notion that he was “Pazzo.” He began to preach to birds, fishes, wolves and beasts of the field. Hamlet only feigned madness when he saw animals in

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the heavens. Francis was crazy, say the sane, when he discerned heaven in dumb brutes. But let the sane pause a moment. In a notable sermon, John Wesley claims the benefits of redemption for brute creation. Nothing, seemingly, could be more bizarre, more grotesque. Yes, says the ardent redemptionist, even the elephant and the worm, the painted butterfly and the shark shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The days of their groaning shall be ended, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. If some zealous ichthyologist or zoölogist offers captious criticism that is calculated to disturb the antiquated theology of Mr. Wesley, the placid Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, soon demonstrates that he is not grist for literary persiflage. For his very next sentence sounds the deeps of mystic philosophy, while it also is a flight, an almost weird fore-grasping and anticipation of that eternal progress of the life of the Spirit which is the very last word in modern philosophy. May not, he says, the all-gracious Creator,

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indwelling and infilling all things, may not He even raise our brute brothers higher in the scale of beings, so that they shall be exalted and refined and made capable of knowing and loving and enjoying the Author of their being?

Wonderful nature-child of Assisi, to have comprehended all this through untutored spiritual apprehension. Without doubt, it was because his soul was flooded with this wonder of the spiritual unity of the universe that to Francis the larks, the fishes, and the wolves were his sisters and his brothers. When, from a heart throbbing with love for his feebler little brothers, Francis preached to them, he began that campaign for the prevention of cruelty to animals which is one of the glories of Christian civilization.

But more far-reaching than his inhumanity to dumb brutes is the inhumanity of man to man. War—the Man on the Red Horse—was the Devourer of that age. War was endless. It involved every interest of life. And in upon that age of frenzied militarism came the little shepherd-coated min-

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strel as the original peace man. He first gave the world to see that war is not noble or beautiful. He refused to join the conspiracy to deck war with grim splendor. On stricken field he saw only the rigid, upturned face of the dead. Above the shouts of the victors he heard the sobs of broken hearts in ruined homes that follow the red dint of the battle-ax. "No," sang this minstrel to the wild, armed throng, "No, not glory, nor power, nor might, but

"Love sets my heart on fire!
Love, Love, O Jesu!"

The man who discovered the potato wrought a nobler and more lasting work than did Julius Cæsar. In his analysis of the character of Julius Cæsar, Montaigne, in his usual acute way, has shown how small part, in the true life of men, successful selfish ambitions or war victories play. Opinions might differ as to who is the great captain in American history. Is he Washington who conquered our English fathers, or Taylor who conquered our neighbors, or Grant who conquered our brothers, or Stone-

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wall Jackson who conquered himself? But Major Surgeon Walter Reed conquered Death. By experiments with the yellow fever mosquito, the dread *anopheles maculipennis*, Major Reed at last put conquering hands on that old Yellow Fever Demon which, in south lands of earth, had slain the third part of men. Who, then, among these American conquerors is most beneficent?

In this age of frenzied militarism, when nations vociferate peace while they provide greater armaments, it would be useless, without doubt, to draw pictures of what the money spent for armaments of war could accomplish through labors of peace. But with one fetich, at least, let us have done. The captains and the kings depart. The salt of the earth, the light of the world remains in the labors of toilers who did their work hidden, often, from the knowledge of men. Who, now, can not tell the stories of Dr. Morton and Lister and Pasteur, or Whitney with his cotton-gin, or Burbank who has enlarged the field of human food, or Fulton who put fiery wings to

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the burden-bearers of the sea? But the vital thought is to realize that at this moment, hidden away from the sight of the world, are unknown heroes and heroines working patiently in obscurity, as once did these others, for the betterment of humanity. These are the minstrels whose songs will make sane the age. These are they who have caught the fire which the Christ flung on earth. In their lovesquandered lives they will bring that fire to aid and to cheer the world. Zarathustra, therefore, was not so mad, after all, when he maintained that everything that is great happeneth away from the market and glory, and that the inventors of new values always have lived away from the market and glory.

But what was it that put in the soul of a barefoot singer such a magic wand over the human heart? Francis had the starry vision. He saw large. To him we might apply that figure of another, and say that he saw the divine halo resting on common humanity. In the most commonplace life he saw the God-light within shine out to transfigure that life. He saw the divine

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significance still remaining, even in ruined lives. And so into the hearts of men he yearned to breathe a new enthusiasm for the divine life as promised by the Kingdom of God in this present world. Thus it was that, under the fiery impetus of his spirit, "men started up from their slumber like exiles who hear again the dimly remembered accents of their native tongue." Francis of Assisi was, indeed, the John Wesley of the thirteenth century whom the Church did not cast out. Like Wesley, Francis agonized for souls, waiting for the revealing of the sons of God, even among the humblest of mortals. To the same end, with Wesley, as also with the apostles, Francis became a field preacher. This troubadour made the grass his pulpit, and the heavens became his sounding-board. To his angelic compulsion such multitudes became obedient that the only way in which he could shepherd them was by forming a vast lay association which he called The Third Order.

This Third Order of Francis was one of the most romantic folk movements in the

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history of Europe. The members of the order resembled the early Methodists. They were distinguished by a peculiar garb. They abstained from strong drink, profanity, gambling and wantoning. They refused to bear arms in war. Devoted to pious works, they held mass meetings for preaching, exhortation and prayer. They carried religion into their daily lives and occupations.

But the way of God always has been a singing way. The people of God always have been a singing people. So, now, in festal companies, along highways and over slopes where vineyards and olive trees marked their happy toil, the followers of the troubadour wandered singing, singing in the beautiful tongue the new love songs of Francis which Brother Pacifico, once a king of the knightly minstrels, had set to music. There was no resisting the spell. First Umbria, then Italy, then Europe and the West—all were lifted for a gleaming moment upon the sunlit crest of a tidal wave of religious ecstasy. The influence of one life, like a gulf stream of the Spirit,

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swept around the world. To far distant hearts was borne the pearly nautilus shell of the faith of that life, wafted on and on by the sweet breath from its own spice islands. The warmth of this gulf stream of faith and love kissed many widely sundered shores to tropical verdure and delight. The whole century thrilled responsive. Men saw visions, amorous and chaste. They breathed in aspirations and fiery enthusiasms. Daughters prophesied. Prophets hailed a coming new kingdom of righteousness and peace. Art came to flower. Cathedral building was religion. Science and speculation, music, letters and theology took on a brightness that shed celestial luster over love and hope. The age became creative. It was a wonder epoch, marking the redemption of mankind—of all ages the one most like our own. “A miracle,” says one. Not so. That thirteenth century simply had found a man. The man had gripped the heart of the age. Upon it he had set his mark. Now that that cycle of time has passed away, he rises before us as the one graphic man who will

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“stand forever as its picture and commentary. His age crowds itself into him, and, holding him up to the world, says, ‘Know me by him!’ ”

The impetus of this new birth of the spirit bore Francis himself out into the pagan world. Having made a great light to shine upon the land of his nativity, Francis yearned to dim Mohammed’s waxing might behind the glory of the Cross. He journeyed to Egypt; preached to the sultan. Like Moses, the new prophet seems to have confounded the Egyptian magicians. But by what spiritual miracle, we know not. The account says that, at his call, there leaped up heavenly fire. Tradition adds that the sultan shook in his sandals and cried, “Pazzo—Madman!” That was what the infidel said concerning the diminutive Balkan kingdoms when they faced him with leaping fire. But the Divine Powers were involved in the Balkan episode. And so, probably, in the earlier facing of the two-world faiths there was some fire.

One peaceful afternoon, on the Adriatic Sea, a gondolier rowed us to an island where,

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on his return from the East, Francis had rested. A Brother Minor showed us the cell where The Little Poor Man had banqueted on celestial music. We sought to converse in broken Latin. The classic tongue had faded from the writer's grasp. The Latin of the Brother, to apply the phrase of a small boy who was of the party, was "even badder." Truth to tell, the girth of the Brother would seem to indicate that he was accustomed to dine upon far other than the classics or celestial music. But long will there remain with us the remembrance of the affectionate, hemispheric smile of that rotund, wine-stained, garlic-fragrant exponent of asceticism. And yet, what an ironic outcome to the dream seraphic—the person of the dreamer to become well-nigh an object of worship while his vision and prophecy are despised.

In a rocky gorge on the mountain back of Assisi there is a labyrinth of connecting caverns. It is called the Carceri, and was the favorite resort of Francis. There is the tiny niche for rest and prayer. On the rock floor is a wooden block which served as pil-

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low. Above hangs the crucifix. Here lingers something from the old dream. The cavern monks offered us strangers who were there that day a share in their bread, cheese and wine. Still bloom the orchids, violets and sweet-scented cyclamen which Francis loved. In a hole in the rocks of the precipice crouched a young monk doing penance. With his murmured “Peccavi” in our ears, we marked far below, gleaming like a pearl in a belt of emerald, the little town of Assisi. On its spur of Apennine it lay asleep. In palace, wall and tower, in steep streets and majestic fane, it was picturesque, unchanged, as if there had not slipped by nearly a thousand tragic years.

The physical forces of Francis, however, now well-nigh were exhausted. In the steep rock of Averna, back of the mountain of Assisi, a mysterious spiritual experience had come to change and still further elevate his life and influence. His followers said that he had received from the angel of God the stigmata of the Lord. It is needless at this day to go into any such mystic and perplexing matters of soul-aesthesia.

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Suffice to say that henceforth, while the bodily powers of the mortal man steadily failed, the spiritual reaches of him grew vaster, ever more exalted. With the more starry vision there came in consequence a more pronounced contempt for the honors and pretensions of earth. But there was one power of earth which boded ill to any such spiritual independence. The Papacy, with its universal pretensions, loomed across the seraphic dream. Face to face with the Angel of the Church of Rome, the torch of the Saint burned low and blue, as Shakespeare makes all honest torches do when ghosts of the Dark are abroad.

Whence came the disaster? The answer is simple. The Papacy sought to change the direction of the brotherhood of Francis. It laid ecclesiastical hand on the gay, happy fellowship and sought to impose upon it monkish rules and purpose. So might the brotherhood be made a pillar of the Papacy. What, rob this free-hearted, laboring community of sensible people, who were sick of pretense and splendor, and therefore were trying to live the simple life—rob them of

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their dream and turn them back into prison —was this to be the end of it all? Alas, Brother Jupiter, with thy quips and pranks! What door, Big Brother Masseo, now wilt thou keep? Who will listen, Brother Pacifico, to thy chivalrous verses? What baskets, Brother Giles, wilt thou make? And how, now, Brother Francis, will it fare with thy grasshoppers?

But so speed the dreams of life away. A threefold fatality, says the creator of Jean Valjean, weighs upon us all—the fatality of dogmas, the oppression of laws, the inexorableness of things. Mingled with these fatalities, and deeper than all these, is that supreme fatality, the human heart. Shall one who, under all these darkening fates, marches against Rome, shall he prevail, and he only a silly singer? John Huss and John Wycliffe have yet to burn. Martyr fires must light up Europe as the stars dot the sky. Savonarola must preach and perish. Many brave, loyal hearts must faint and fail, until sturdy Martin can come. But he will come. Standing firm at Wittenberg's door, he will knock, knock,

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knock, until the Papacy, like Macbeth, hearing and knowing the summons, shall turn pallid face to Hecate's altar and hoarsely whisper, "What hands are here? Ha! They pluck out mine eyes!"

Back to his cell in St. Mary of the Angels creeps the son of the cloth-seller to die. It is the year of his Lord 1226. Francis is forty-five. The Brothers bear him to Sister Clare. She kisses him. It is their last sacrament together. Around the straw-thatched hut skylarks begin to fly. Some one has told them that their big brother is headed for home. To the spot they hurry. The Brothers of the Order seek tenderly to minister. Vain the thought. Stand aside, Brothers. Angels are not needed here now—only larks, skylarks. See how they come, how they wheel, mounting ever upward, singing. Still they circle upward until they are lost in the blue; but still they can be heard singing.

On a mountainside they buried him. Every evening, just before he goes down behind Umbrian steeps, Brother Sun looks in for a moment. Over tessellated pavement,

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around the tomb, drift primrose lights and filmy, iridescent shadows. Overhead smile angel faces. Clare is not far away. In her niche, lined with precious marbles, the Little Sister sleeps. She is smiling. Love has a long memory. Worshipers, with hungry hearts, come and kneel around them both and pray, "Il Santo! Il Santo! The Saint!" But we are wiser. We see no dead Saint. Our hearts are lifted to a living Troubadour. We rejoice in a prophet who revealed the secret of the Lord and His mystery—that secret that we must die to live, and the mystery of Love's incarnation.

The dream that this barefoot beggar and herald of God did dream has not faded. No. It flashes its glory and its warning athwart our skies and into our hearts. Poor men, madmen, adventurers like Francesco Bernardone, are what this day needs —this day with its frenzied militarism, its lust for success and gold, its "worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions." The Angel again stands in the sun, holding out the cup. "Give me men," he says, "give me men—

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men who will drink the draught divine.
Master, King of hearts, give me men!"

They who harken put their hands between the hands of the King. With Him they drink the cup. Then to the task they go forth. While it is yet night they sing with the larks, because they are His heralds of the Dawn. They wear the humble garb and work the works of obscurity, because in them the Life of the Spirit has right of way. At defeats in this world they laugh, because they are linked with the Love which moves the sun and the other stars. On the cross they sing, because they have helped to lift this world back, up, up to where the Lord Christ, without stooping, can reach it to kiss it,—they sing, they sing Francesco Bernardone's Canticle of the Sun: "Praised be Thou, Lord, for all Thy creatures, but especially for my Brother, the Sun, who images Thy light and glory. Praised be Thou, Lord, for Brother Fire, and the Moon, and the Clouds, for the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers, as on the slant hillside they court the warriors of the Sun. Praised be Thou, Lord,

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for the joy of dawn, for the hush of even-tide. Praised be Thou, Lord, for Ocean's waves with their white flecks of driven foam; for mysterious silences; for the wide-ness of the firmament with my Little Sis-ters, the Stars. Praised be Thou, Lord, for Brother Death; even he whispers Thy secret of Life and Love!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SWORD OF DAIMIO KURODA.

IN Japan the writer became the owner of a sword. The weapon is a *tsurugi*, or two-handed sword of the Samurai. The steel is fair to look upon. It has the old Nipponese tempering, one of the lost arts. The blade itself is historic. In Yedo, now Tokio, about three hundred and thirty years ago, a youth named Kuroda by great effort had gained a bag of silver. The young man was of Samurai blood, but he was friendless. This silver, the reward of the toil of years, was his all. The precious treasure was laid at the feet of Moromichi, one of the most celebrated sword-makers of the time. The master was besought to forge a sword. The *tsurugi* was made. It was tempered not only on anvil, but also with sacred, mystic rites. Grasping this steel the youth went out to front the world. By military-knight-ways, as the

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phrase goes, he would prove his spirit of Bushido.

Bushido, say those versed in Japanese lore, means the code of ethical principles which the Samurai knights who bore the two-handed swords were sworn to observe. "Chivalry," said the Samurai, "is the poetry of life." Thus Kuroda found it. He made for himself high place. He attained to the rule of a province. He became Daimio, or Prince of Chikuzen. In the books of the chronicles of Nippon a shining name is that of the famous fighting man, Daimio Kuroda. When other Daimios boasted of their high ancestry and long descent, Kuroda, it is said, answered that he came from God. So it may not be thought strange that, whenever there is taken in hand the trusted blade of Daimio Kuroda, it seems to speak, to recite strange experiences, to lift the challenge of Bushido. Concerning Bushido one may read much to-day. The diary of a young Japanese soldier who helped to take Port Arthur is entitled "Human Bullets." The book is well named. It is Bushido in modern dress.

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Other recent illustrations of the Bushido spirit are the dramatic offer by Admiral Togo of a harikiri knife to his fleet captains on the eve of the battle of the Sea of Japan, and the death of General Nogi, in order that as loyal retainer he might accompany his Emperor even beyond the grave. A less exploited, but no less notable, illustration of Bushido was the conduct of a young infantryman who, in death, had planted the sunrise flag of the Mikado on a "red rampart's slippery swell," in one of the critical conflicts in Manchuria. In the kit-bag of the dead man they found on a scrap of paper, written in his own blood, these words:

"Since long ago
My life has been dedicated to my Mikado,
O, the joy of this day
When I can give it at last."

The scene of the burial of the ashes of the young soldier, far from the home of his childhood, was pathetic and yet thrilling. Clothed in white, the mourners were bearing incense-burners. The smoke curled

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heavily, in blue, broken wisps, upward. Weird sounded the strains of the *Kimegayo*, or Mikado's hymn. Silent stood the on-lookers. As, mindful of the story, they gazed, scenes of battle-shout and tumult faded from the hearts of the beholders. To their minds came no thought of red rampart where in patriotic fury charged battalions, audacious and terrible. Above pathetic dead no longer did a bit of soiled bunting challenge the sun. To one heart from the far West, that day, the smoke from the bronze censers, as it slowly ascended, appeared to frame in another picture. Above the bowed heads of the mourners that other picture seemed to shine with a light that was both joyous and fadeless. Among the foothills of Fujiyama gleamed the home of the soldier. Behind it against the black sky rose, majestic, ethereal, Fujiyama. There was heard the cannon-shot summoning the warrior to the colors. Then, just as it is pictured in "Human Bullets," the youth starts from slumber. He takes the sacrificial bath. He dons his best uniform. He bows down before the ancestral

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altar. As he prays there gather around him figures from other generations. Dim, shadowy, and yet real, in solemn injunction they remind him, "Thou art not thine own. For his majesty's sake thou shalt go to save the nation from calamity. Disgrace not thine ancestors by any act of cowardice." Now the family and relatives are seen bidding the young soldier farewell. And while all ceremoniously observe, he takes from the hands of his mother the *mizu-saka-zuki*, the farewell "water-wine-cup." It is a symbol of purification for the errand to which he is vowing his life. It is the death cup of long separation. As the final rite in this death-dedication, the young samurai, with religious reverence, takes from the family shrine the ancestral sword. Pressing to his heart this sacred blade, he leaves his home with light heart and light feet, expecting to cross its threshold no more.

Japan to-day is a world-power. But it is not the boasted western awakening of the land that has wrought this miracle of the nations. No. Bushido has made Japan.

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All other influences have been secondary and subsidiary. The Bushido sword of Kuroda, therefore, bears a peace message, for its challenge is an affair of the soul. The lesson from this sword of the samurai prince, however, comprehends more even than this. It involves an unexpected interpretation of life as the modern world has been accustomed to understand life. The Puritan held that life is a probation. We of the present maintain that human existence is a pilgrimage of the spirit developing character. But the conception of mortal being that is held by the sons of Bushido is still different from both of these western ideas. Life, they say, is a high and holy errand for the Son of Heaven. This errand is the share which we are to bear in the eternal betterment of things. Life fulfills its end only when it is death-dedicated to some heaven-given task which seems to be beyond earthly achievement because in its essence it is divine.

To the present practical, materially satisfied minds and spirits of men such an attitude of soul partakes of that which is unbalanced. The well-nigh universal verdict

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of the western world was that General Nogi was insane when he committed suicide. But such view overlooks the fact that for centuries the rite of harakiri in the mind of the samurai has been deemed a sacred privilege inhering in his noble birth and blood. In supreme crises of the human spirit the employment of this holy recourse against the outrageous flings of fortune has been regarded not only as distinctly sane and rational, but also as proving a lofty elevation of spirit that triumphs over all things gross and mean. In other words, it is the red badge of courage, the glorious, immortal mark of the Samurai spirit. And only the other day so intense a modern as G. K. Chesterton was quoting approvingly the sage remark of Dr. Samuel Johnson that while, strictly speaking, physical courage is not a Christian virtue, yet a Christian man should cultivate it; "for he who has lost that virtue can never be certain of preserving any other."

On the plains of Manchuria sons of Bushido found no foe too strong for them, because they were death-dedicated to do

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there an errand for Heaven, whose Son, after their symbolical way of thinking, is their Mikado. A few wire entanglements, machine guns and woola-woolas of Russian moujiks—what were they to Samurai clansmen who had drunk the water-wine-cup of death and long separation? The idealist always is your dangerous man. The only abiding reality, so far as this earth is concerned, is an idea. Young men who dream dreams, enthusiasts wrapped in memories, passionate pilgrims constrained by a divine obsession—these are the souls who hurl tyrants to the dust and give humanity its battle-cries.

Mohammed understood this, and they called him Prophet. Into his religion he fused a death-dedication to his own precepts. The faithful Mussulman, therefore, is immune to the terrors of earth. Like Abraham, he sees afar off. The truth is that in this world more things than we dream of are wrought, not only by prayer, but also by visionaries and seeming madmen. Thorwaldsen, in his statue of Schiller, makes the head of the poet bent, because

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Schiller never rises above earthly things. But a contemporary of Schiller, one whom Schiller never quite understood—John Gottlieb Fichte—Fichte, the dreamer, was always looking upward. The story is told of this dreamer that while at work in his attic one day at the University of Jena, to him hurried his landlady, exclaiming, “Come down and see the great Emperor Napoleon passing through the town.” “Go away,” answered Fichte, “leave me alone.” “O but it is the opportunity of a lifetime,” said the eager woman. “Come see this great phenomenon! With his guards just now he is passing through our street.” “Go away,” said Fichte. “Leave me alone. I, too, am a phenomenon!” The philosopher was meditating on his “Reden an die Deutsche Nation,” which was to rouse the Fatherland to a passion of patriotism that should dash in pieces like a potter’s vessel Napoleon Bonaparte and all his legions. The young man in the attic was busied over bigger things even than the empire of Napoleon. For Fichte also was dreaming out his system of idealism that was to help

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change the whole course of human thinking and doing.

Kings and Fields of the Cloth of Gold may bulk big in the world chronicles. But, after all, the world gets on only through the tasks of the hidden idealists—men and women, poor often, and utterly obscure, but quickened souls whose lives are faithful errands for the Great King. In some hidden place, against all odds, they burn out and obliterate themselves in divine accomplishment. Oliver Cromwell did not make England to flame like the sun at the heart of the seventeenth century. No. The Puritan people, whose mouthpiece he was, did that. The makers of Methodism have not been the bishops, or the so-called leaders of Methodism. No. The true makers of Methodism have been the nameless circuit rider, or pioneer preacher, and his dauntless wife. The greatest hero of the Civil War was not Grant, nor Sherman, nor Sheridan. No. He was the private soldier, the lonely Federal picket, or, from the Southern viewpoint, the starved Confederate enlisted man, unnoted martyr to the Lost Cause.

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Who, for example, lighted the first fire, or built the first house among men? Who invented the compass, glass, cloth? Gutenberg did not invent printing. The Cretans had movable wooden blocks for printing three thousand years before Johannes Gutenberg. Who discovered quinine, the first loaf of bread, the first cup of coffee? Who first set sail craft on the sea? Who invented the wheel? Who thought out the telephone or the telescope? To whom is due the electric theory of matter or the doctrine of the conservation of energy? Concerning nearly every such discovering Prometheus history is silent. The truth is that the real "firsts" in such matters "are our human predecessors. It is on their thought, toil, and vicarious sufferings that even our most splendid individual achievements have been built up." Their work is none the less gracious to humanity because they are nameless. They are like those Christian builders of the basilica which became afterward the Mosque of St. Sofia in the conquered city of Constantinople. The workmen who mixed the mortar for the foundations of the basilica

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put therein musk. The fragrance of that musk remains to this day. The perfume of the Christian musk sweetens the incantations of Islam. Invisibly and indescribably it reminds men of the true worship that yet again shall fill the temple with incensed glory.

Who shall say how much Ruget de Lisle had to do with the triumphs of the First French Republic? Who was Ruget de Lisle? O, he was just a man who wrote a song. That was all. But when this man who had written a song came to die, the people of the village where he was dying gathered under his window, so runs the story, and began to sing. And as they sang, the strains of that song floated softly up to that chamber, and then they seemed to widen and deepen and to float away, away to Paris, and then over France and out over Europe. And then, caught on the wings of the wind, that song seemed to fling around the world its weird, lyric cry. And wherever that music came, people started up as out of slumber, poor people, sad, heart-broken folk. And then thrones toppled and

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kingdoms fell. At those fiery notes monarchs and queens were led to the scaffold, or vanished like ghosts at cock-crow. Armies marched, cities burned, nations rocked. And yet he was only an old man dying with his face to the wall—this Ruget de Lisle, who wrote the *Marsellaise*.

“These centennial Yankees,” who have grown “so all-fired tall,” can afford to reflect occasionally on the other side even of their own glorious Revolutionary story. This other side was suggested pathetically by that young woman from Nottinghamshire, England, who a few years ago visited Concord, Massachusetts, and stating that she belonged to the family of one of the British soldiers slain at the Concord fight, sought out the graves beside the Bridge. Reverently the young woman placed a wreath on the graves. Then, kneeling down, she sang in plaintive, halting voice, “God Save the Queen.” At this far day none need hesitate to ask what it was that led those British soldiers at Concord and at Bunker Hill to march so boldly to the place of death, enduring reproach as instruments

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of tyranny. They were young men, loving liberty and civil rights. They believed in righteousness and were full of the joy of living. They had homes, sweethearts, mothers. Their foemen were of their own race and blood. And yet these British men did this thing, and they did it heroically. Why was it? May it not have been because of their British spirit of Bushido—that clan-loyalty of Great Britain, now a thousand years old, that venerates obedience to God and the King as the sacred symbol of national unity? One who sees large will not visit Bunker Hill or Concord Bridge without one gentle thought for the lads who there, in the long ago, mindful of old England, paid the last full measure of their devotion to her and won the unforgetting memory of Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, at least, with their love and their roses.

But now this conception of life, as an errand for the King, a definite errand which always is a goodly errand and fair—this idea is not such an outlandish importation from beyond the Seven Seas as we may im-

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agine. It is not even peculiar to Bushido. The great life-masters realize that the world of the spirit thus sends each one of us on an errand. And so every immortal tragedy in literature simply is an attempt to set forth this experience of the soul as it runs blithely on its errand or plays truant.

But life itself surpasses every effort of the imagination. The Greek tragedy of Agamemnon, for example, is a wonderful picture of a blameless and mighty king, who, on returning from his wars, is murdered by his evil queen, Clytemnestra. But this tragedy itself, however fairly written, does not make the impression that is made by the tombs of this king and queen, as you see them to-day, side by side, in Greek Mycenae. After three thousand years the tomb of Agamemnon is intact—a vast hill-cloaked, bee-hived sepulcher, with not one stone missing. But at its side mark the tomb of the guilty queen. There it lies in hopeless ruin, as if the lightning of the gods themselves had shattered it.

Shakespeare gives immortal setting forth of men and women who trifle with the

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vision of life as dedicated to definite celestial purposes. But the Bible does more. The Bible, not only like Shakespeare, insists upon the tragic failure of life's runaways. But the Bible also makes clear how a soul that does its errand blithely creates around itself an atmosphere from which others draw life-quickenings.

If we were seeking for some classic illustration, we might point perhaps to Peter Schamyl, the Circassian chieftain. Here was a poor youth in a Caucasus village who saw the tyrant Russians sweeping over his native mountains. He would save his country and his people from such bondage. In the name of liberty and of God, he drank the water-wine-cup of self-dedication against the tyrant. He gathered around him peasants of the mountains. He flung himself upon Russia. He and his comrades were left for dead upon the field. Russia pushed on. But Schamyl arose seemingly from the dead. Again he gathered about him men who were death-dedicated like himself. Again they flung themselves upon the Slav. This time they made way for

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liberty. They redeemed the Caucasus. For fifty years Peter Schamyl, Circassian chieftain, but also prophet of God, held back Russia from her march toward the East through the Caucasus Gate. To-day, when the procession of the Holy Carpet enters the gate of Mecca, amid the plaudits of multitudes and the clash of cymbals, the pilgrims pause beside a white tomb not far from the black Kaaba, while the Ulemas chant, "Great is Allah! and Peter Schamyl, His Second Prophet."

But we do not need to go so far afield. Illustrations of this great truth of life lie close at hand. In our own history we often mark how a soul that has been death-dedicated to high errand creates around itself a magnetic sphere of inspiration. Angels must smile as they hear us to-day call over with laudation and glorification the list of Boston's illustrious names—Sir Henry Vane, sent to the block; Mary Dyer, hung on Boston Common; Anne Hutchinson, driven out under sentence of death; Roger Williams, shamed and exiled; Sam Adams and John Adams, whom good society at the

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moment could not quite remember; Charles Sumner, insulted by the lowered blinds of Beacon Street, as well-nigh dead he was brought home; Ralph Waldo Emerson, for thirty years not deemed fit to address Harvard College, his alma mater; Wendell Phillips, who, as he wiped the ancient eggs from his face when mobbed in Cincinnati, exclaimed, "You make me feel perfectly at home, as if I were back in old Boston." Yes, the Everetts and Websters, the Choates and Winthrops were there—Tyrian workers in pomegranates, chain-work, checker-work and lilies. But the saints, the death-dedicated before whose face marched the flaming sword and around whose shrines stand angels of the larger hope, when in their passionate pilgrimage did they experience pomegranates, checker-work, or lilies?

The spiritual history of Boston illustrates curiously the paradox that they who most obediently run on errands for the King most frequently are regarded with suspicion by those who are the pillars of society in their day. Charles L. Sprague tells

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how, from his window near the corner of Washington and State Streets, he saw three scenes in succession which were the epitome of the degradation of Boston, and yet the glory of her history. First, he saw dragged past that corner by a mob of Boston gentlemen William Lloyd Garrison, with a hangman's rope around him. Then he saw a black man, J. Anthony Burns, being carried by the United States troops back into slavery. Then, again past that same corner, he saw a regiment of colored soldiers marching away to war against slavery, singing as they marched, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave."

Had Charles L. Sprague looked once more from his window, he would have seen and heard another regiment marching, this time a white regiment, made up of the flower of the youth of the city, led by the son of Daniel Webster. They were marching for liberty and union and God. And as they went, their footsteps were keeping time to a strange, new song, a terrible *Marseillaise* of the Son of Heaven—

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“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:

He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.”

Often, in memory, there comes back to the writer an hour when, as a little boy, he stood beside a dead man and, with an awe that he could not understand, looked wonderingly at the cold, marble-like face. All around were soldiers and people. The people all eagerly were pressing forward to look at the face. Every avenue leading up to the State House where the scene transpired was crowded with other people, people whom the childish imagination multiplied until it seemed as if the whole city, state, and nation surely must be there. And these, too, all were pressing forward to gaze on the face. How still they all were. There was not a sound, until behind was heard a sob and then a stifled whisper, “Charles Sumner.” Turning around, the boy saw a black man. This black man in vain was

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trying to suppress his emotions as he bent forward to see the countenance of his friend. That weeping freedman beside the coffin of Charles Sumner, successor to Daniel Webster, was the representative of a new epoch. Other figures, not weeping nor yet dim and ghostly, though they all long since have passed into the unseen, rise at the sound of the name of Charles Sumner to take their stand beside that freedman. Like the shining knights whom tradition fancies forever around the sleeping Barba-rossa in his enchanted cave, these stand. And around and above these also tower the eternal, snow-crowned mountains. Not long after his experience beside the bier of Charles Sumner the same small boy heard Wendell Phillips make a famous public de-liverance. In that deliverance there was a thrilling reference to the early abolition days. As the boy listened to that golden flood of elevated eloquence, so simple and yet so convincing, so wide-visioned; as he marked the quiet demeanor, more impressive than any dramatic display, he realized, mere child as he was, that here was a man whose

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like he probably never would see. The face of the man as he spoke ever so quietly seemed to shine as if it were lighted by an inner lamp. No. Another such death-dedicated soul never would live in the listener's generation. The crisis that had unsheathed that samurai blade was passed. The era itself was ending. But it was an era in which the civilization of America had changed front. If to those who opposed him the sword of this man seemed oversharpened, it was perhaps because the sword itself had been bathed in heaven. It was like that Russian sword of romantic story which, in the steel, had inlaid with silver the inscription, "God help me to overcome my enemies in the mountains and on the steppes."

It is this other-worldly power of the two-handed swordsman that makes it seem so natural that the sign of Bushido should be the cherry blossom. For, at bottom, Bushido is a mingling of expert swordsmanship with a life philosophy which is both radiant and profound. And it is not a bad idea to have expert swordsmanship mingled with

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your idealism. It is needed sometimes. But the double cherry blossom is a flower so delicate and impractical that sensuous fruitage is sacrificed to the production of ethereal bloom. And so the spirit thus symbolized is willing to live and to toil, even if it can bless mankind only with its perfume and memory long after it is blown to the four winds.

John Wesley understood all this. Once, near Burslem, Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, to see a flower-bed in front of a house. Such a sight reached hidden depths. For Wesley made note of it in his diary and wrote, "His name is Josiah Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower garden, and his soul is near to God."

Our supreme need is, first, a flower-inspired idealism transcending earthly things, and then a death-dedicated courage to apply that idealism to the problems of life. Never as to-day in the history of the world has there been such need of standards set forth and interpreted in idealistic spiritual terms. Rudolph Eucken maintains that

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the very complexity of our life now is bringing about an increasing dissatisfaction with modern civilization, and is driving men to religion. There is a demand in the soul for an inner uplift of human nature, for a new idealism. And this demand necessarily must seek its alliance with religion. But is not this the very heart of what we have been trying to say? If it is true that America has lost her vision because of her riches, and that our sons and our daughters no longer prophesy because they are sensuous, this challenge of Bushido which has transformed Japan and has lifted her to a gleaming place among the nations—this challenge is the very message that we need. For fronting a soft, sensual, ease-loving, materialistic, cynical, money-mad world, it says, “Out of my poverty have I done this.”

If human bullets, to borrow the Samurai phrase, thus are aimed high enough, they will pass over the dark and possess tomorrow. It seems folly to forsake house and lands for an idea. When already you are lord of the manor, it is madness to attempt the adventure whose dice are loaded

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with disaster. But thus alone it is that Progress mounts—by far-visioned Sacrifice.

It was folly for the Samurai son of Bushido deliberately to set himself apart for destruction on the plains of Manchuria. Yes, folly. But the smoke of the burning body of the Samurai on the spot where he fell was the holy incense consecrating a new Japan.

It was folly for Sir Henry Vane to defend such fanatical ranters as Anne Hutchinson and Mary Dyer, and, in defense of what he called Human Rights, to lay his own neck on the block. But the generations marching forward have laid a sword above the head of Harry Vane, saying, “He, too, was a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.”

It was folly for the Puritan to imagine that a Marston Moor or two could unshackle England. Oliver Cromwell, himself torn from his grave and thrown to the scavengers, was to witness to the futility of such notion. But the dreams that the Puritan dreamed for England can not be cast out. In them there was heaven and hell and di-

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vine calling. The empty grave of Oliver Cromwell in Westminster Abbey is, therefore, the most impressive thing in England. For intrenched privilege and reckless hereditary power it holds a warning that well may be heeded.

It was folly for the British soldier at Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill to strive against the clear destiny of America. But the loss of the colonies stirred British pluck to take heart for wider efforts. And England became the instrument of the Almighty for policing the Seven Seas and the Far East.

It was folly for the Frenchman to die at Waterloo for an empire of which the existence lay in the will of a single selfish adventurer. But the broken protest of Waterloo, fought to the music of the *Marsellaise*, held in it the assurance of a new, democratic reign of the people.

It was folly for Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips to forsake the traditions and the refined associations of a lifetime for a Quixotic theory concerning the Negro.

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But in their enterprise was launched the new humanity.

It was folly for Jonathan Dolliver to seek to preserve in manhood the idealism of his poverty-stricken boyhood. His Aladdin's lamp went out. But in his footsteps are coming others who follow his light. And there is emerging a better, nobler America, a new spiritual America, destined to become the center of a new civilization and called to be the savior of the nations.

The ability thus in spirit and in action to pass over the dark and possess the to-morrow is the great practical working principle of life. This is what brings life to its flower. Through this principle the loyal soul is linked with the seers and captains of all the ages. Above the tumult such soul has assurance immortal. It shares the vision of the supreme idealist, the King whose city of defeat and shame has become the shrine of humanity.

In Jerusalem, whose Church of the Holy Sepulcher houses the world's heart, they will show you the sword of Godfrey de

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Bouillon. In dauntless red fight against the infidel, the great crusader, death-dedicated to his Lord, bore this weapon. With cross-like hilt the crusader's steel conjures the imagination through many a thrilling experience around the gray city. But that sword of Godfrey de Bouillon is only a symbol in another age of the perennial conquest which the other-worldly soul achieves in this realm of fleeting interests. Nor is its victory withheld from humblest soul that has caught sight of the promise. Just beyond the shrine in which is kept the brand of the crusader an old Oriental was seen one day standing facing the sepulcher of Jesus. Somewhere from out the East he had come, a long and weary way. The dream of his life, without doubt, had been that some day thus at the last he might stand before the sepulcher of his Lord. Across wastes and burning deserts, in hardship, thirst, and hunger, the wanderer had kept his dream until now he was come to the holy place. With closed eyes and face uplifted the pilgrim was standing, silent, his arms outstretched in mute memory of

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the cross. The man's tears wet the pavement at his feet. Ever and anon, on his knees, with his scarf the old peasant would dry the stone floor. Then again he would stand silent, with arms extended, the tears coursing down his cheeks.

What to him meant the hours, or the days, or life's hardships, victories, or defeats? His very being had slipped across the portal to things invisible and immortal. The glow of the dome above his head had changed to purple. Still he stood until the companies of priests, for nightly worship, had begun to march and countermarch, with their chants and flickering candles. Here and there one could mark the moving, winding procession, Greeks leading off, followed by Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, Syrians, Latins, what-not—each group of celebrants intoning its own rhythmic worship.

Oblivious to all stood the pilgrim. With tear-wet, closed eyes uplifted, as if through the deepening shadows, there on Calvary above the tomb, he could see a face and hear a voice—"But after that tribulation

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shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory."

Pathetic death - dedicated devotion, tragic now but triumphant in the darkness, as from somewhere off in the subterranean recesses of the vast and silent temple there floated up the muffled singing of the priests, the stubborn Greeks still hoarsely leading—“Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison, Lord of Thy gracious might, have mercy to accept my life, Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison.”

CHAPTER IV.

SWEET FIRE FOR MODERN DESPAIR.

IN "Love's Labor Lost," Biron, in melodious numbers, tells of the "music and sweet fire" which love pours into his despairing heart. In the cup which celestial love holds forth there is music and sweet fire for every heart, however evil its conditions or dark the despair. In discussing modern social conditions, it seems to be the accepted attitude to paint the picture in realistic blackness. Doctrinaire exploiters and prophets have little difficulty in making out a clear case of social delinquency and sin in repellent proportions. We accept it all. We do not question it. The actual conditions are bad enough in all conscience. Nor do we need to take the well-worn path to submerged London to find much broken human earthenware. In American life are enthroned luxurious success, money madness, cynical materialism, penury of char-

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acter—eternal emblems of the golden calf. Epicureanism, we are told, laughs at the stains and wounds of the body politic; learning is blasting at the Rock of Ages; our golden age of culture is threatening to become a bituminous age of vice.

While all this may be true, is it not a fact that the world to-day is better off than it ever has been? Is not humanity steadily growing wiser, purer, nobler? Something is bringing “music and sweet fire” to this human despair. What is it? The most casual student of the time will agree that it is the love that is centered in the Son of God; it is the passion that is poured forth for others out of God-filled lives—this to-day is the power that is making men free. This is the might that is shoring back the contracting walls of society. This is the heavenly dynamic which is transforming individuals and thrilling through Churches, societies, and institutions for human good. Celestial, cleansing fire, this is burning through the miasma of social despair. This is flashing the death-damp of the world into something fair. It is taking the very ele-

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ments of our Philistinism and transmuting them into idealism, piety, and all else that makes for social uplift.

But is there an equal agreement or understanding as to the extraordinary part which woman is taking in this modern social redemption? The growing desire of women to share in the privileges and duties of citizenship is recognized as giving a distinct color and trend to the time. The increasing participation of women in all the vital interests of modern life is accounted by not a few as one of the glories of the present civilization. But, assuming that there is recognized the growing share which woman is taking in the eleemosynary works of social and religious redemption, is the profound significance for social regeneration which this fact involves being given sufficient attention? Few realize how important a place woman held in the work and organization of early Christianity. Still fewer know how large a part she played in winning the heart of pagan womanhood in that decadent and despairing age. It was largely because of the music and sweet fire

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of woman's love celestialized that then, indeed,

“The Word had breath and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought.”

The definite form in which this redemptive power of a consecrated womanhood was brought to bear was through an order or association of women which now familiarly is known as the Order of Deaconesses. That is past history. But the interesting thing about deaconesses is the fact that, in the present methods of social work, there is a growing conviction that the music and sweet fire of womanly influence is absolutely the most potent instrument now at hand. When everything else fails to bring results, this influence gently burns all barriers away. If the Church, therefore, is to succeed in its social propaganda it must depend increasingly upon just such work as can be done only by consecrated women. These present words are written from the conviction that such work needs to be re-

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stated and properly set forth with historic accuracy and intelligent spiritual interpretation. The large hopes from the present social service efforts will not materialize, we fear, until social workers are won to an enthusiastic and far-reaching utilization of just such work by women as was inaugurated by the Early Church. The resources of the Church, indeed, will not have been conserved to humanity until the heart of humanity has been wooed as it was in the days of the early deaconesses. That wooing, which briefly we shall attempt to outline, must be adapted to modern conditions and urged to its logical and divine end. Woman is ascending the throne to which she was born. Her power steadily is waxing. As we study the present movements that make for righteousness, nowhere do we find one that is superior to the working appeal that is consecrated by the music and sweet fire of woman's love. Indeed, we need not hesitate to put to those who are versed in the history of morals this definite question. In turning the potency of love into the channel of life, what human agencies, if any, pos-

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sess more magic than does the order of deaconesses? The most characteristic contribution of Methodism toward the redemption of humanity may yet be found to be in her reorganization of this gentle order of the virgins of God.

Reorganization, I say. Some people imagine that the deaconess idea is something new; or, if they do not hold the deaconess work to be entirely novel, they think that it is at least the outgrowth of the Mildmay experiment at Barnet, England, in 1860. If learned in such matters, they may explain the present deaconess movement as simply Pastor Fliedner's institution at Kaiserswerth transplanted. Few deem the order of deaconesses to be anything bearing a special seal of the primitive Church. In reality, this order of deaconesses, which already has entered into the very being of Methodism, is apostolic, peculiarly and distinctively. The deaconess order began with the beginnings of the Church. Nay, in making possible the Church this order played no small part. During those first perilous hours of her blusterous birth and

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chiding nativity the bride of Christ was nourished and sweetened by the self-abandoning diaconate of her holy women. Her very existence may have hung on the devotion of that sacred band. No institution of Christianity now existing savors so intimately of the early Church as does this unique company of them who give themselves “without reservation to the service of the Lord of the vineyard.” No creation of Christianity within its own bosom more clearly carries divine authority. In the presence of his lady, sings Heine in one of his lyrics, a clumsy, ignorant country boor became transformed into a refined and courteous gentleman. But even in deeper things than love

“The indescribable here is done,
The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on!”

If the true seat of faith be in the sphere of the intuition, is not the nature of woman richest in that same region? Must we not, therefore, recognize woman as the arch-priestess of religion? Some one has reminded us that woman “never has sat at

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the councils of the Church. She never penned a decree. She never has worn the triple tiara." And yet, at every great epoch of religious history, behind every great teacher there has stood a woman. Last at the cross, first at the tomb was Mary. Behind Jerome was the Roman matron, Paula. Behind Augustine rises his mother, Monica. Back of Basil and of Gregory of Nyssa was their sister, Macrina. When Boniface evangelized the Teutons his best workers were Sisters Lioba, Walburga, and Berthgytha. With Saint Bernard stood Hildegarde. All the world knows Saint Clara, Saint Catherine, Saint Theresa, Saint Susannah Wesley. The genius of Methodism takes its cast and color from this peculiar relation of woman to religion. Read the lives of the early Methodist heroines and study the present membership of the Church to realize this. Methodism has moved to her goal utilizing always as a far-reaching means of progress this doctrine, that woman is the archpriestess of religion. This is why, for her pattern of woman's work, Methodism, within our own day, has

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turned back to the usages of the primitive Church. "And many women were there, . . . ministering unto him."

The first deaconess mentioned in the gospel record is Phœbe. "I commend unto you Phœbe, our sister, which is a deacon [diakonos] of the Church which is at Cenchreæ." Tryphena and Tryphosa were deaconesses, as was Persis the beloved, and Priscilla, who, according to a brilliant German scholar, may have written the Epistle to the Hebrews. From these first deaconesses the number grew. Throughout the unstained years of early Christianity the usefulness and influence of the deaconess organization waxed steadily. By the middle of the third century there were fifteen hundred deaconesses in the city of Rome alone. At about the same time there were, it is said, flourishing deaconess institutions in Constantinople and Antioch, from which, as from burning hearths, spread holy light and inspiration. Even heretics like the Montanists, and irregular Churches like that of the Nestorians, had their presbyteresses or deaconesses. Like the deacons, the first

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deaconesses were ordained. They were distinguished by a peculiar garb. They came from all classes of society. Before her ordination a deaconess of the Western Church, Radegund, was the Queen of Neustria. Pliny describes the torture, during the Trajan persecution, of two deaconesses who had been maid servants. Among others of their order who, as martyrs, were interred in the Catacombs are five faithful deaconesses, or "virgins of God," who having made a good confession were "well-deserving." These were the matron Octavia; Gaudiosa, hand-maid of God; Alexandra, a girl; Aestonia, a traveling virgin; and Furia Elpis, a *virgo devota*, or virgin consecrated. At first only widows, women of fifty or sixty years of age, thus were set apart as ministers of the Church. It was a monstrous thing, thought Tertullian, when, in his time, a certain young virgin was made a deaconess. Such feeling might be expected in a saint who has left us the outburst, "Woman, thou art the gate of hell!" But time gradually changed this age rule. The most famous of all the early deaconesses was Olympias, a young

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widow, ordained in her youth because of her extraordinary virtue. These holy women helped to build and to shape primitive Christianity.

Multiform were their duties. They had charge, for example, of the doors of the church. Just as the official door-keepers stood at the Gate of the Men, so the deaconesses kept the Gate of the Women. One of their titles, indeed, was "Keepers of the Holy Gates." The deaconesses also regulated the behavior of the women both within and without the sanctuary. As governesses of the flock, they brought to the deacons or presbyters all women in need of the Church sacraments. They assisted in the baptism of women. As catechists, or teachers, they prepared women for baptism. As messengers of the Church, they carried on a kind of zenana mission to women in their own homes. Indeed, they were almost the only means that the early Church had of private ministry of the Word to women. For they alone, without scandal, could reach the women of that time. The deaconesses visited and attended those

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who were ill and in distress. They were especially successful in their ministry to the martyrs, for these tender mourners could gain access to the condemned when others were denied. In describing the imprisonment of one of the Christian martyrs, a Greek poet tells how, in the early gray of the morning, one might observe the deaconesses with some of the orphan children waiting at the prison gate to bring food and comfort to the condemned. Libanius—remembered for his sneer at the Christians of his time, that they were vile artisans who had “forsaken their mallets and anvils to preach about the things of heaven and one Christos, whom they called the Son of God”—Libanius says that whenever there was any martyr condemned in his city there always could be seen the old mother of the deaconesses running about begging and taking up a collection for the man who was about to die. During the Valerian persecution the plague broke out in the city of Alexandria. The pagan population, in their panic for fear of death, forsook their own flesh. They left their sick unattended and their dead

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unburied. But the Christian women of the city remained, tenderly nursing both friend and foe. Foremost among these ministers of mercy were, well may we believe, the deaconesses. The bishop of the Church in Alexandria tells how those of the workers who fell “died in triumph, while those who remained rejoiced greatly in the peace of Christ which He committed to us alone.” Julian the Apostate thought the Galilæan-fisherman theology to be folly, but there was one thing about it all that he could not understand. He himself had failed to produce a charitable movement in paganism, which he patronized. But when he saw the followers of the Galilæan support the destitute of their persecutors as well as their own poor, he exclaimed, “It is a scandal!” Silly vassal of the world’s nightmares, he could not see that such pitying love must draw to itself the whole soul of paganism as morning sunlight drinks the dew.

Thus for a little space this sweetest flower that ever grew from gospel stock put forth its beauty and its fragrance. In the darkness of superstition and night it chal-

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lenged the admiration and won the hearts of all true seekers after God. Into the perishing heathen world it exhaled a something “more precious than gold, more vital than art, more mighty than conquering legions.” As Matthew Arnold expresses it, “It drew from the spiritual world a source of joy so abundant that that joy was wafted out upon the material world and transfigured it.” For a little space this passion flower of God unfolded its white petals and breathed out its heavenly sweetness, bringing to imprisoned souls the beauty, mystery, and radiance of the unthralled, royal life of the children of God. Then it withered. In the Latin Church, after the tenth or eleventh century, we find no sign of the order of deaconesses. In the Greek Church the order did not linger beyond the twelfth century. The word “deaconess” gradually fell into disuse. It well-nigh was forgotten. The reinstitution of deaconess work reincarnates the triumphant life of the primitive Church. Wise and far-visioned is this return to a ministry hallowed by such divine possibilities of power. The hope of the

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Church to-day lies in its ability to bring men back to the ethical standards and spiritual practices of primitive Christianity. Thus alone can the Church shore back the contracting walls of society. Thus alone can she "flash into the sloth of this age the force of her own convictions, the passion of her own resolves." The deep significance of deaconess work in this return to the methods of the primitive Church may be understood from the fact that "the teaching of the earliest Christian homily which has come down to us elevates almsgiving to the chief place in Christian practice." We may not accept the doctrine, but the fact remains. "Fasting is better than prayer; almsgiving is better than fasting; blessed is the man who is found perfect therein, for almsgiving lightens the weight of sin." (2 Clem. Rom. 16.)

That wizard of Scottish story, Sir Walter Scott, in one of his most graphic pictures shows an evil knight dying on the field of battle. As earth is receding from his gaze this unhappy mortal marks rising around him the ghosts of his wicked past. Hopeless night is settling down upon his soul. Then

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beside the dying man kneels a woman. And as in tender pity she laves the warrior's brow and strives to win him to thoughts of immortal weal, the poet, as if conscious that such an act in such an hour is freighted with the pathos of all humanity yearning for consolation, breaks off from the narrative. In thought so sweet, so simple, so elemental that the lines have become a hackneyed commonplace of English speech, an exclamation lifts the mind to the universal:

“O, Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!”

Yes, to give a heartbroken, dying soul the cup of consolation to drink—that is the supreme secret of empire! The gospel, imperative for the world's betterment, is resistless when it knocks at a human heart with the appeal of a woman's nursing, sympathy and prayers. Thus wooed, unhappy souls, dead spent and sinking into

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midnight, leap to accept and to exalt the apostolic Christ-dream of the Church.

When, summoned by the bell at her bedside, Sister Dora rose to minister, the face of the sick sufferer faded. Christ's face across her fancy came and gave the battle to her hands. When the Church is lifted up to behold in all its beatific beauty the face of Christus Consolator, then men and women will become tenderly obedient to His summons. His ministry will be their glory. In divine presence Christus Imperator will give the battle to our hands.

For, what this world wants more than it wants money, or pleasure, or power, more than it wants life itself, is consolation. A conquering Church must have children of consolation, who, in a peculiar sense of utter self-effacement, will enter into the purposes of the Lord of Glory. When such children of the King will bring to Him in His Galilee their loaves and fishes, the eternal miracle of grace will live on. The multitudes need not be sent away; they shall be fed. While in the house of the leper, these Marys break the alabaster-box

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of ointment, the sweetness of the Redeemer will fill house and world. While these ministering women prepare spices for the dead, each tomb has around it a garden, where, with the morning, waits the Master. And fainting hearts catch sight of a city which hath foundations eternal. For these, His messengers, are a divine fulfillment of that simile of the King's honey-bees—these are

“Singing masons building roofs of gold.”

PART III.

CUP BEARERS WHO HAVE INFLUENCED THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

“Then opened I my mouth, and behold, there was reached unto me a full cup, which was full as it were with water.”

From my recent experience in the Far East I am of the belief that religion has been and is to-day the most influential determining cause of the differences between the races. . . .

While I was in Tokyo I went with the Viscount Kaneko, one of our Harvard graduates, to a ceremony at a shrine in that city, where are deposited the rolls bearing the names of the young men of that district who died in the Russian War. These men having died young and unmarried, have no descendants to do them honor, so that nation has taken on itself that duty. Twice a year the Emperor and court officers, with great numbers of men from the army and navy and other walks of life, go to this temple.

That afternoon I attended a meeting of Christian missionaries, and to them I told of my experience in this Japanese temple, and mentioned that I had bowed toward the shrine. They felt that I had taken part in an idolatrous service. I thought I had seen and taken part in a very impressive ceremony, and one which was typical of the religion which has had such a deep effect in the formation of racial character in that country.

We have seen nations, like Egypt, Greece, and Rome, rise and fall in the scale of civilization, and we think of them as weakened by luxury. There have been similar conquests of nations in the East, for instance the Manchu conquest of China 300 years ago, but China, sustained by its continuing religion, has not been destroyed as were the Western nations.

You know how the Western nations are declining now in civilization. For instance, here at Harvard the classes as a whole are not reproducing themselves. Disease destroys our families at a rate which is not paralleled in the East. The difference is in the effect which religious beliefs have had on family life.—ADDRESS TO HARVARD UNDERGRADUATES, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 16, 1913. PRESIDENT EMERITUS CHARLES W. ELIOT.

CHAPTER I.

“THE MAGICIANS OF EGYPT DID SO WITH THEIR ENCHANTMENTS.”

“CITY Government of Cairo. Entrance ticket to the fête of the Kissoura (Holy Carpet), which will take place at Mastabat El-Mahmal, at Mohammed Ali Place (citadel), Friday, 23 Sharoal, 1322, at 9 o’clock in the evening.” Thus read our card, printed in French. Duly we presented ourselves as directed. At the Mastabat we were ushered at once by Adli Pasha himself, the master of ceremonies, into a large reception-room, where the Holy Carpet was on exhibition. The carpet was hung on the walls of the room, completely covering them. In the place of honor, beside the carpet, sat an aged black *sheik*, its official guardian. Forty-five times had this old *sheik* accompanied a Holy Carpet to Mecca. But now so old and feeble did he seem as he sat there huddled up in his chair with a

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huge yellow shawl wrapped around his head, that not Mohammed himself seemingly could promise him another pilgrimage beyond the one now about to begin.

By the side of this aged guardian of the carpet sat a row of *ulemas* or religious sheiks from the city mosques. These in turn were reciting prayers and passages from the Koran, keeping up an uninterrupted service of worship. Not that this religious exercise in any way interfered with the social exercises. On the contrary, conversation, smoking, coffee-drinking, serving of sweetmeats, and formal reception of guests went on as if there were nothing else appointed for the evening. And yet all the while, rising above every other sound in the room, there could be heard that weird, nasal, pathetic lament of the *ulema* keeping tryst beside the Holy Carpet. As we entered the reception-room, a blind sheik was taking his turn in repeating the confession of the prophet. I shall remember, I think, forever the tragic sound of that blind priest's voice and the look of his sightless eyes as he half chanted, half wailed his guttural recitative to Allah.

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The central hall and adjoining rooms of the building were filled with the fashionable and official life of the city. As always on occasions like this, no women of Mohammedan faith were to be seen. Officers in uniform, tourists in dress coats, Arabs in long silken robes of richest coloring, exquisitely gowned ladies gossiping, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes, high pashas gravely acting as hosts for the Khedive, whose guests we all were—there was everything there to distract attention. And yet above it all and through it all there came back in almost painful iteration that weird sing-song of the blind ulema, swaying slowly in his seat, in rapt adoration before the Holy Carpet.

This priestly praying, more than anything else, I think, forced us at least to realize where we were and what this city of our temporary refuge really represents. The modern character of Cairo, which strikes the new-comer so forcibly, is more seeming than real. There is, of course, that perfectly modern quarter of the city to the west of the Ezbekiyeh Garden, a section of finely paved, well-drained and brilliantly

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lighted boulevards. There is around the large new hotels that famous stretch of modern apartment-houses and imposing European official residences. There is even a sort of French *faubourg* made up of cosmopolitan shops and outfitters' stores, thoroughly satisfying to the most particular of American tourists and English holiday "trippers." Standing there in that noble square facing the Grand Opera House, which was built in three months by spendthrift Ismail Pasha, almost every foreign visitor to the city exclaims at the modern European appearance of Cairo. And yet even here the outward appearance is only a thin veneer of builders' plaster with an accommodating atmosphere loaned for the moment. Even here the substratum of Orientalism creeps through. Every turn brings you face to face with it. For here are the veiled harem beauties, with their *sais* runners holding up long rods in front of their carriages and shouting insolent cries of warning.

Here along the most modern of boulevards comes a group of fanatical Moham-

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median pilgrims or a native funeral procession, with its blind wailers in front and its hired female weepers behind. Around yonder corner, with its "Anglo-American Pharmacy" sign, there files perhaps a Moslem circumcision pageant combined, for economy's sake, with some Cairene marriage party. In front of every hotel your steps will be dogged by turbaned hawkers of "antichi," guaranteed by the mummy-snatchers of Luxor. While everywhere you will be shadowed by suave dragomans, speaking every language of earth, and promising to show you all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them for "anything you please," in any kind of money. Yes, even at Shepheard's, the fundamental, underlying Orientalism of Cairo confronts you, seizes you, challenges you to stand and mark its movement.

But turn aside a street or two from the Ezbekiyeh quarter. Instantly old Cairo, the city of Saladin, the heart and capital of Orientalism itself, blind and unchanged, envelops and absorbs you. There above your head towers the ancient Saracen cit-

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adel with its mosque of alabaster, enshrin-ing the bones of heroic Mohammed Ali. Just outside those picturesque stone gates lie the tombs of the Caliphs and of the Mamelukes. And a little further to the south will be found, still half-encircled by its ancient walls, Old Cairo, where, accord-ing to tradition, the Holy Family took refuge while in Egypt. This Old Cairo originally was called Babylon. Without doubt, it was the city of which the Apostle Peter, in his first Epistle, writes: “The Church that is at Babylon, elected together with you, saluteth you.” In the narrow, winding streets and through the tangle of bazaars at the foot of the Cairo citadel, you may wander for days, hearing sounds and seeing sights of which you have dreamed all your life. It is like a leaf out of the “Arabian Nights’ Tales.” You can not but feel moved by the changeless change of its amazing picturesqueness. Shop-keepers are sitting, lost in *hashish* visions of riches per-haps, among their sordid wares. Artisans of all trades are plying their tasks in the open street. Water-carriers with goat-skin

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water-bottles and ringing brass bowls invite you to quench your thirst. Native women are seen riding bunched together like little children, on rude flat donkey carts. Dancing girls, with their shameless eyes and their jewelry-laden fingers, beseech you for piastres. Private guards and native kawasses, armed with Damascus weapons of price, ride by jostling everybody. The whole world of Orientalism pulses and throbs around you. This is Cairo. This is the metropolis of the Dark Continent. This is the city of Arabian song and story, at once the most fascinating and the most mysterious of the habitations of man. For yonder, just across the Nile, on the edge of the desert, lies that other, that nobler self of Cairo, her Gizeh Pyramids, with the Sphinx crouching at their base. The Pyramids, eternal reminder of the life at the heart of death, lift heaven-pointing triangles of purple against the transient glow of every sunset. The Sphinx, half lion, half man, with its inscrutable smile, looks across river, valley, and desert as if, forgetful of the present, it were ob-

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livious also to the past. It is looking, perhaps, for some morning, yet to dawn, when the riddle of life shall be read and the dark dream of the Sphinx itself shall be interpreted. And as if fittingly to complete the setting of this strange city, we find its greatest fête, the festival of the Holy Carpet, to be an occasion marked by all that same other-worldliness which from the beginning has made Egypt the study and the puzzle of mankind.

What is this Holy Carpet? It is a covering of black silk curiously embroidered, which is sent each year by the Khedive of Egypt as a tribute to Mecca, there to serve as a covering for the Kaaba or Black Rock in the great mosque of the Sacred City. This Kaaba, according to Mohammedan teaching, is the rock on which Abraham sought to offer up Ishmael (not Isaac). The mosque enclosing this rock is not the burial-place of Mohammed, as so many think, for the prophet sleeps at Medina, with no monument whatever to mark his grave. This Mecca mosque stands on the site of the first earthly temple of worship, built for Adam

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by the angels. The carpet which thus is sent to cover the Kaaba is a precious fabric of great beauty, through the warp and woof of which cunningly are woven numberless texts from the Koran. Around the top of the carpet runs a frieze of Arabic writing embroidered in gold. Various other hangings and embroideries in colored silks go with the carpet. These all, with the holy covering itself, are made by four sheiks of the carpet-makers' guild in Cairo. The four sheiks do nothing else throughout the year but make ready these offerings for Mecca. With the carpet and embroideries are sent also quantities of incense and spices. One year the caravan conveying the tribute was attacked by robbers, who almost succeeded in securing the Holy Carpet and the entire outfit of the pilgrims. On this occasion, therefore, the caravan was furnished an escort of four hundred soldiers having two Maxim guns and a battery of mountain artillery.

The carpet, after the Khedive has bidden it godspeed on its departure from the citadel, does not proceed at once to Mecca.

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It remains for a month in the mosque El Azhar, near the Mecca gate of Cairo. Here it receives the final touch of preparation, being sewn into proper shape, after which it proceeds upon its way. The great occasion, which we had the privilege to witness, is the formal transfer of the carpet from the citadel to the mosque of El Azhar. This occurs on the morning after its exhibition at the Mastabat.

We had been fortunate enough to secure a place near the Khedive himself, as he stood to review the caravan on the formal inauguration of its pilgrimage. For two hours before the appointed time the vast parade-ground was packed with people. In the center of the enclosure the holy covering, with all its accompaniments, was on public view, and the populace took this occasion to examine it. Now for the first time we saw the Mahmal or gilded pagoda within which the Holy Carpet was to be carried. Long ago a beautiful Turkish female slave who had usurped the regal power in Egypt made her pilgrimage to Mecca in a magnificent covered litter borne

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by a camel, and for years after this same litter was sent empty with each year's caravan as a mark of State. In time this litter, receiving the name of *Mahmal*, came to be recognized as a sort of emblem of royalty. Of late it has been used as a fitting means of conveyance for the carpet itself. As we saw it, the *Mahmal* was indeed a gorgeous creation of turreted gilt and gold borne by a black camel of enormous size.

While waiting for the arrival of the Khedive at the citadel square, there was much marching and counter-marching of troops and rumble of artillery, with the clash of military bands. The pomp of display almost befitted the coronation of a king. All the while a great company of notables kept arriving—representatives of the nations, princes and princesses, heralded by *sais* runners, ministers, beys, and pashas, high officers of the army, ladies from the palace. One wondered when it would end.

The parade-ground, in the meantime, had been cleared, and in it the troops had been formed in a hollow square, with the

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Holy Carpet caravan in the center. Hardly had this been done when the Khedive, with escort of lancers and surrounded by his cabinet ministers, arrived in a carriage of State. Instantly boomed out a salute of artillery, while a massed military band began to play the Khedivial march. His Highness alighted and took his stand for the review at the foot of the citadel. It was the very spot where the last of the Mamelukes, by a miraculous leap on horseback from the wall above, had been saved from the wrath of the present Khedive's great ancestor, Mohammed Ali.

With a deafening crash of field guns, the Holy Carpet caravan, led off by the black camel, bearing the Mahmal and guided by the aged black sheik, now began to move. It marched three times around in a circle within the hollow square of troops.

The camel which thus bears to Mecca the Mahmal is held always in highest reverence. It has a distinctive title, Hagia Ferrag. Although selected with an eye to its powers of endurance, the Hagia Ferrag has but one duty in life, that of making

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the pilgrimage once a year to the Holy City. This done, the creature feasts in idleness during the remainder of the year, being cared for by special attendants appointed for the purpose. Upon its death the camel is buried with all the pomp and honor of a faithful Mussulman. The Hagia Ferrag which we saw start on its pilgrimage had made already three similar trips to Mecca. Its predecessor had borne the Mecca offering from the banks of the Nile no less than forty-five times.

The spectacle which now met our eyes as the sacred camel bearing the golden pagoda wound slowly around the citadel square was most impressive. The gayly uniformed soldiers in their red fezes, standing motionless, the roar of the great guns, the rattle of drums, and the scream of the wry-necked bag-pipes, the thrill of the trumpets, the clouds of gray, acrid smoke which hung over all like a curtain, and through which dimly could be discerned the caravans of camels, loaded with the tribute of Egypt—all this made up a picture never to be forgotten. When the railroad to

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Mecca is completed, the pilgrim caravan will cease to play its dramatic rôle in the annual visitation to the sacred place of Islam. As we watched the procession that day, the occasion seemed to mark the apex of Oriental splendor in religion.

As the old shiek leading the Hagia Fer-rag finally completed for the third time the circle of the troops, he passed out into the highway leading toward Mecca. Here for a moment the caravan paused in front of the Khedive, who bade the sheik give utmost care to the treasure now committed to his hands. A piece of newly-minted money was placed in the mouth of the camel as a sort of sacred bakhshish. Then His Highness, as a mark of his royal bounty, threw among the camel-drivers and others nearest him handfuls of silver coins, also fresh from the mint. The cynical dragoman by our side whispered that the coins were small, and that all together they only amounted in value to fifty dollars.

The cortege, solemnly escorted by sheiks and chief tailors and high officers of State and army, now defiled slowly before the

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Khedive. His Royal Highness himself, again entering his carriage, closed the procession. As Abbas Pasha drove away the people broke through the lines and ran up to rub their handkerchiefs and robes on the sides of the Mahmal for the blessing which its touch at this time is supposed to give. The women of the crowd burst into high, shrill *zaggareets* of pleasure and religious excitement. The *zaggareet*, by the way, is peculiar to Arab women. It can be learned even by them, however, so it is said, only while they are yet young. One of the first duties of an Arabian mother, therefore, is to teach her young daughters the *zaggareet*. As heard by us that morning, the *zaggareet* sounded like a warbling staccato trill made by the tongue rolling rapidly in the back of the mouth. The sound was at once pleasing and disconcerting. I never have heard anything resembling it.

There was a time, before the English assumed control in Egypt, when the departure of the Holy Carpet for Mecca was marked by terrible scenes of fanaticism. Devotees bit, tore, and stabbed themselves.

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Dervishes lay down in the open streets and suffered their head priest on horseback to gallop over them. Christian spectators often were killed by the maddened followers of the Prophet. But all this now is ended. Although no wearers of the English king's scarlet were to be seen that day, either in the procession or on the streets of Cairo, every Mohammedan, however fanatical, knew that those stalwart British men were there in full plenty for the business in hand. And even every Dervish knew, however blinded he might be to all else, that the very hidden presence of those men in red meant for every man in Egypt decency and order and self-restraint. It is in the mouth of a Mohammedan that Kipling puts those suggestive lines, which every Egyptian now might quote as his own, recognizing the source of his present safety and prosperity:

“And they were stronger hands than mine
That digged the ruby from the earth,
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King,
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the perfect pearl to bring.”

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As the procession passed from sight I could not but follow it, in my mind's eye, as it would wend its way over mountain and valley and sea, and across the swirling, burning sands of the desert. The Mohammedans say that when at last, after the long months of journeying, the caravan of the Mecca pilgrims comes in sight of the minarets of the Sacred City, Hagia Ferrag, the camel turns, under his gilded burden, and stretches out his neck and head to gaze. And such is his eagerness to reach the holy spot that a white foam gathers on his lips and mouth. The pilgrims, recognizing the sign of the Prophet, crowd around to wet their kerchiefs in the sacred froth, counting themselves in this most fortunate and blessed for evermore.

But Cairo is not Egypt—certainly not the Egypt of Rameses. Cairo is an Arab city. The Cairene people are simply citified Bedouins. Cairo has, of course, its Egyptian connections. But these are so well known—they have been pictured and described now so often that they seem to have lost any peculiarly racial distinction.

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They have become a cosmopolitan possession. In Cairo, it is true, one finds the museum of Gizeh, matchless depository of many of the choicest treasures of Egypt. Nowhere else as there can you see the images of the gods, the ancient emblems of life and death, the mummy kings and queens of the bygone dynasties—Sethos and Amosis, Queen Ahhotep, Thutmosis III, and Great Rameses himself of the Oppression. Yes, these, and more, are all there, in Cairo by the Nile. And yet, even in Cairo, you feel an indefinable longing for Egypt. You crave the majesty of the ancient race. You yearn for the imperishable monuments, which you know lie behind the tawdry civilization of this mushroom metropolis of Mohammedanism.

No rest will you know until you are launched upon the bosom of the Nile, with your face set toward the south. Then hardly have the minarets and domes of the city of the Khedive faded from sight before ancient Egypt, in all its mystery and stupendous majesty, looms across your consciousness. Some things, of course, even in

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Egypt, have felt the touch of the years. The Nile itself, that stream immortal of poet, priest, and dreamer, is changed. Its very bed is eleven feet higher than when a Pharach turned the course of the river to build Memphis. Below the first cataract one no longer can see those picturesque details of nature which the Nile has furnished as illustrations to so many books of travel. No hoary crocodiles now sun themselves on these sand banks. No hippopotami float like islands on the tawny tide. No bulrushes line, like serried spears, the water-lapped margins of the fields. No lotus blooms, no papyrus whispers in the evening breeze. No ship of the dead ferries its mummified Pharaoh to his rock-hewn tomb in the hills. Railway express trains and tourist steamers now supplant even the "dahabeyah" for Nile locomotion. Tall chimneys of sugar factories and spirit distilleries dot the shore. Lebbek trees and palms planted in increasing profusion, begin to break the weary flatness of level field, edged by stretching sand. The Nile current is become a common carrier for cargoes of

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sugar cane, bridge iron, and petroleum. While, as if to corroborate, even in Egypt, Mr. Stead's theory as to the Americanization of the world, the Standard Oil Company's tin cans for petroleum, when once emptied, are seen to be utilized in every village with truly Yankee adaptation to human need. They are water-buckets and cooking-stones, mirrors, soup-tureens, packing-boxes for Turkish Delight, writing-slates for children, material for native ornaments and dagger-scabbards and a thousand other things under the Egyptian sun.

Beyond the Gizeh Pyramids the steamer halts at the landing-place of Bedrashin. Here stood Memphis, that great city. But now the ancient capital is indeed but heaps, a howling place for jackals. Among the palms, two colossal statues of Rameses II lend something of human interest to that desolate scene. On one of these Colossi the dragoman points out the cartouche of Moses, though who chiseled it there no man knoweth. The inscription, still legible on the pedestal base of the better preserved of the two statues, has been put into verse:

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“My name is Ozymadias, King of Kings,
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.”

Then the poet adds:

“Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

A short gallop across the desert, through a struggling line of bakhshish-begging Arabs, brings one to Sakkara, the ancient necropolis of Memphis. The road leads past the Step Pyramid, a huge pile of stone laid in tiers which antedates, perhaps, every other human architectural remain now upon earth. At Sakkara, the tomb of Ti, with its exquisite low relief carvings, depicting the life activities of the dead man, is a biography in stone of the typical ancient Egyptian lord. But the Serapeum, or burial place of the sacred bulls of Egyptian worship is, of course, the center of interest. The discovery by the French savant, Mariette, of this subterranean resting-place of two hundred incarnations of Osiris in the form of a bull, reads like a page out of the

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Haroun Al Raschid adventures. Mariette says that as he entered one chamber in which the Apis, or sacred bull, had not been disturbed since it had been put there by its worshipers thirty-seven centuries before, he was overwhelmed with astonishment. Everything, including the embalmed remains of the bull, was in its original condition. “The finger-marks of the Egyptian who had inserted the last stone in the wall built to conceal the doorway, were still recognizable in the lime. There were also the marks of naked feet imprinted on the sand which lay in one corner of the tomb-chamber.” Nearly four thousand years had slipped by those footprints in the sand.

From Memphis the steamer makes its way up against the current toward Luxor. Various points of varying interest are visited by the way—the tombs of Benihasan, of Tel el Amarna, and of Assiut, the temples of Dendera and Abydos, and whatever else the guide-books and dragoman may point out. Slowly now comes the feeling, ever more certain, that not these ruined cities with their tombs, temples, and sacred carv-

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ings, not the obelisks, sphinxes, and pyramids, not any of these memorials of millenniums dead and gone, are what make up the real charm and mystery of Egypt. It is not even the unusual and shifting scenes of life constantly met by the way, although these certainly fill every hour of the journey with profound interest. You see scantily clad Fellaheen, with misshapen buffaloes and Noachian implements, cultivating the chocolate-colored soil to the very edge of the water, adding a new furrow whenever the receding river offers room. Or you see them filling their *Danais*' barrels without bottom, irrigating the land that never can drink enough, despite all efforts of well-sweep *shadoofs* or creaking *sakkieh* wheels. Morning and evening you mark the young women and girls of the villages trooping down to the river to fill their *balasses* or clay water-jars, which they lightly bear away on their heads, all the while holding modestly about them their *yelabiehs*, or blue cotton gowns, which veil without hiding their statuesque grace of figure. You descry off on the edge of the sandhills armed Bedouins

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with their camels, passing slowly on to some distant oasis or encampment. Occasionally a jackal yelps, or a pelican or a crane, flying heavily, startles you with its splash. But these all soon pass. These are not what now slowly but imperiously take hold upon you, heart, mind, and soul, with almost a superhuman obsession. No, not these. It is the Nile itself, vast and mysterious, without tributary or subsidiary aid, pulsing from its unseen sources, a veritable river of life, into the heart of this bitter desert, and here commanding, as it were, against all nature a never-ending cycle of harvests. And it is the Desert itself, most wonderful of all, the Desert, yellow, lonely, sad, illimitable. Now it blazes like fire in the tropical noon; again it is mellow in the long afternoon when the changing lights and shifting shadows interplay, hour after hour; now it is swept by the terrible *khamsin*, or sand storm; now it lies ghostly, ivory-white, as under the face of evening's silvery-mantled queen, the shining stars ride forth, one by one. Some one has said, "The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile." This

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saying I would amend—The River and the Desert, these two are Egypt, and Egypt is but these; all her life and history are only an illuminated page of their making.

Luxor, with its temple of Karnak, is, of course, the pilgrim resort of all who have a mind for Egyptian archæological lore. I shall not attempt to describe Karnak, a temple which still is one of the wonders of the world. With its sphinxes and obelisks, its pylons and vast hypostyle hall of Sethos and Rameses, Karnak is simply indescribable. The one monument recording the victory of Shishak over Jeroboam is, in itself, fit subject for a volume of erudition.

But the modern little town of Luxor itself knows a thing or two. One-half of the entire population of the place, it is said, is engaged in the manufacture of antiquities. The other half, certainly, is engaged in hawking these same “antichi” to tourists. A citizen of Luxor endeavored to sell me a guaranteed antique scarab as big as my fist. Upon my repudiating the “guarantee” of such a scarab, the son of Ishmael exclaimed, “Well, the stone of which it is

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made is old!" In passing, I might add that the beautiful antique tint so much admired in Luxor scarabs is acquired through their having been fed to turkeys.

Luxor is the headquarters for the donkey-boys and general bakhshish gatherers. Every donkey here bears the name which, for the moment, seemingly will please best its rider. Thus the donkey which one lady of our party rode one morning was called "Lovely Sweet." In the afternoon of the same day the same donkey, a most contrary beast, being now bestridden by a lusty German, bore the title "Bismarck." My own donkey was prepared for any nationality of rider through a happy trilogy of names—"Sambo," "Kitchener of Sudan," and "Marseillaise."

This bustling little town of Luxor marks the spot where stood ancient Thebes, that Egyptian Thebes of which Homer sings:

"The hundred-gated Thebes, where twice ten score
in martial state
Of valiant men with steeds and cars march
through each massive gate."

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From the time of the Middle Empire (2200—1700 B. C.) Thebes was the great city of Egypt. It was always the favorite seat of the Pharaohs. Its palaces and sacred structures “in which the heaps of precious ingots gleam,” for miles lined both banks of the Nile. To-day the ruined temples and royal tombs of the ancient city still can be seen in broken majesty. The Colossi of Memnon sitting in the deserted fields behind the city seem mourners for its vanished state.

Two of the royal tombs of Thebes are of deathless interest. One is the tomb of Marenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. A huge granite mummy-case, carved in the likeness of the king, lies in the sepulchral chamber of the tomb. The great stone face wears a look of wonderful peace and regal majesty. But the sarcophagus is empty. Standing there within that empty tomb one needs but little imagination to hear the roar of pursuing chariots as they drive heavily in the sands of the sea, and to catch the far-borne scream of drowning horsemen. Egyptologists tell us that they have

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found this lost Pharaoh of the empty sepulcher. He was in a coffin bearing the name of Set-nekht, which was hidden away in another tomb. A scribe's inscription on his mummy bandage, however, identified Marenptah. The Bible narrative makes no definite statement that this Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea. And now, with his aquiline nose and determined jaw, resembling all the Sety-Rameses race, this long-lost Pharaoh of the Exodus reappears to conjure up thoughts and emotions of which he little did dream. The tomb in which he was concealed was that of Amenhotep the II.

This Second Amenhotep's last sleeping-place is one of the most impressive sights in Egypt. The chamber of the dead, painted and decorated in colors as fresh apparently as the day they were laid on, was concealed most artfully at the foot of a deep shaft hewn into the mountain. Thus the tomb escaped all detection until quite recently. To-day the whole sepulcher is preserved just as it was found. The royal mummy lies in his stone sarcophagus sur-

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rounded with wreaths of flowers, and with the calm face upturned just as the monarch was laid there in dreamless sleep three thousand four hundred years ago. An electric light illumines the features of the king. Moses and Marenptah had not yet been born when this Pharaoh was decked for burial.

“Asleep in the mountain’s heart, oh king
Of Egypt’s ancient line,
How strange would seem this later world
To those sealed eyes of thine.
The Nile tide bringeth life and hope,
While countless ages roll,
But not three thousand years have solved
The mystery of thy soul.
Three thousand years of dreamless sleep
God’s cycles traveling fast
Are but three yesterdays with Him,
A night watch that is past.
The Jewish kings have turned to dust;
The Persian’s might is spent;
No more the haughty Syrian strides
In pomp before his tent.
Thou wert sleeping there when Bethlehem’s star
Was blazing in the sky;
Still slumbering thro’ the awful gloom
Which hung o’er Calvary.”

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From Luxor the tendency nearly always is to hurry to Assouan. Esneh, with its half-buried sanctuary of the ram-headed God, Edfu, with its well-nigh perfect temple of Horus, Kom Ombo, the place of crocodile worship, all soon are left behind. Each spot named is a spot whither the tribes go up, the tribes whose god is Bakhshish. And so, in safety, we come to Assuan and Philae.

Assuan, the frontier post of ancient Egypt, is a charming spot. If one could be content with rainless air and purely desert-fed existence, helped out by sword-dancing Besharin and a native Nubian bazaar with an incredible price-elasticity, Assuan would be a paradise. But for most people Assuan, with all its attractions, is simply the most convenient point of departure for Philae.

The island and temple of Philae, situated a few miles south of the cataract at Assuan, together form a fitting climax to the Nile experience. The great dam built across the river just above the cataract is threatening already the existence of the Philae shrine. Although, when we were

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there, the stored waters had crept well up the trunks of the sacred palm-trees, and even were washing the bases of some of the columns and flooding the temple floors, the sanctuary itself as yet was uninjured. It still rose above the encircling river like a jewel set in crystal. The gray pylons and colonnades silhouetted against the water and the palms, with the bright desert and somber granite mountains in the background, is one of the world's most precious pictures. For romantic beauty the scene is unequaled, perhaps, anywhere upon earth. Seen once, it shines forever after on the inner eye. But the waters, alas, continue to rise.

The temple of Philae was the national shrine of the goddess Isis. The island was called the Holy Land. Near it "no fish had power to swim or bird to fly, and upon its soil no pilgrim might set foot without permission." Let none, therefore, now profane this spot. Let none seek to put into human words the divine secrets of Hathor and Horus. Let none describe in vulgar symbols the resurrection mysteries of the chamber of Osiris.

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It is enough to know that they who died in the hope of Philae's promise of an eternal morning, as proof of their faith, must be able, before the judgment seat of Osiris, truthfully to declare:

“I have not killed,
I have not committed adultery,
I have not stolen,
I have not told lies,
I have not cursed God,
I have not tampered with the weight of the balance,
I have not done evil,
I am pure, pure, pure.”

This temple has known all changes. Built by the Ptolemies, despoiled by the Nubians, put under edict by the Romans, desecrated by the Copts, reconstructed by the Greeks, garrisoned by the Turks, it has outlived them all. Lifting its painted pillars and perfectly-proportioned Kiosk above the Nile, it has cast its spell on even the river Bedouin, until his most sacred oath is by Him who sleeps in Philae. Legend says that near this shrine Osiris dwells throned in mystery, white-shrouded and having his

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face green, crowned with the crown of Egypt, with Isis, his faithful wife, watching beside him; and that the temple itself is but waiting for the hour when again the “Lamentations of Isis” shall be recited on its threshold. We make light of such tales, but Philae, this pagan shrine, Philae somehow draws and haunts us, and it is because of Philae, perhaps—who knows?—that the old saying is so true, “Who drinks Nile water must return.” As to what else might be told of the temples and the worship, which even in the day of Moses had grown hoary under darkening incantations, we fain would not learn of books. But, like old Sir Thomas Browne, rather would we send Imagination herself to stand by the side of Time, that “swathed figure seated in the gloom of twilight on the sands of Egypt,” and hear his muffled murmurings as he answers all questions concerning the deeds of them who, when the searchings of the human spirit were only beginning, dwelt by the flood of the Nile.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORACLE OF DELPHI.

IT was only a sprig of laurel, but from it grew this chapter. And as now I look at the green leaves, although withered, they recall a scene of fadeless beauty.

We had crossed the Corinthian Gulf in a crawling night craft, which our courier abused in classic expletives because she was English. In the gray dawn we had disembarked at Itea, of obscure name, but of great history. For Itea, be it known, was the port at which of old landed the pilgrims to Delphi. The history of Itea, however, like that of some American families still existing, is all in the past. Only one "Turk ship," dilapidated and held for debt, rolled clumsily at anchor. Pausanias himself might have been ferried to shore in the antique contrivance in which we sculled, baled, and finally, by dint of calling upon all the saints, floated to the sands.

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On treading sacred soil I noticed at once that the modern provincial Greek retains much of the unconventionality in life and custom which rendered his forefathers so interesting to barbarians. The first sight which met my eye was that of two murderers handcuffed and bound with new cords, whom their soldier guards most courteously were supplying with cigarettes, while at the same moment, with loaded carbines, they threatened their lives.

The rude inn, or khan, at which we had tea, after instructing the khan-keeper how to make it, could have supplied elements of interest throughout the day. Indeed, it did during the entire succeeding day, since our expected express steamer on the morrow was thirteen hours late. For the moment, however, we were content with a cursory acquaintance with long-haired papa, or priest, with nargileh-smoking Albanian and outlandish peasant. Even the many donkeys bearing wine in hairy microbial wine-skins, each filthy skin an object temperance lesson, possessed small interest. A long string of burdened camels out of the

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morning land could not hold us. Our eyes and hearts were lifted toward the mountains—domed Parnassus and his stretching slopes, with the nearer cliffs of Kirphis. Already in the morning glow the heights were taking on I know not what of mystery and charm. Three horses in the lightest of conveyances were needed for the ascent.

Again I found that we were traveling under classic conditions. On entering a hard-looking, mud-walled village some distance above the plain, Pais, myrtle-crowned, came along with a wine-jar, and under cover of this proffered courtesy, an audacious attempt was made to victimize me. I could not understand the affair until I had consulted that never-failing companion of innocents abroad, the red-covered guide-book of Baedeker. The village, which the natives called Chryso, was the evil descendant in the tenth generation of that old Krissa of notorious repute, which twice in the past had been destroyed for the habit which it had of plundering the pilgrims on their way to Delphi.

But even the pleasurable thrill of living

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over again an ancient lamentation and a wrong quickly vanished. The hours laboriously were marked by a constant climb along ever-rising mountain slopes. A Greek sun, always by calendar thirteen days warmer than the same luminary at home in America, mounted to its zenith. The unshaded rays of the semi-tropical sun were reflected pitilessly by the dazzling white limestone road. In a new and personal sense came home that saying, “Steep are the heights of Parnassus.” Even the human interest of the scene had shrunk to a sad and sinister suggestion of utmost poverty. A few wretched mud huts; a woe-begone woman, under some fearful burden, staggering down the mountain side; here and there an occasional shepherd, armed like a gentleman from Georgia, and stretched out under his shaggy cloak asleep beside his silent flock—that was all. Far below the barren road lay a burning, yellow plain, dotted with deserted tombs amid dead vineyards and dusty olive trees. In the distance the prospect ended with the blue glint of a lonely, cloud-shadowed sea.

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Regret for the enthusiasm which had drawn me, like the bygone worshipers of the Far-Darting One, across mountains and continents and oceans to such a goal, stole in upon me. Drowsy from the heat and the motion of the carriage, I was about to renew the acquaintance of another friend of schoolboy days, Morpheus, when suddenly a branch of fresh green leaves was thrust into the carriage window. The branch was followed by a shapely brown hand and a young girl's smiling face. "Apollo!" she cried, "Apollo! Apollo!" Then, clinging like a young nymph to the step of the carriage as we started forward at a brisker pace along a level stretch of road, the newcomer, who seemed to have sprung from the soil like those earth-born daughters of the fable, kept calling that mystic name, "Apollo!"

The face of the girl was pure Greek, the first real Hellenic face that I had seen even in Greece. Evidently the young Kuria, or Miss, as the Greeks use the phrase, was of Megara stock, that one last strain of pure

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Hellenic blood which has kept itself uncontaminated from Albanian and Slav. The head, with hair falling loosely over a low brow, with its straight nose, laughing brown eyes, and full, curving mouth, was charming. It was the head of young Nausicaa greeting again the far-wandered stranger as he came up out of the sea. But who and what was she? Had we dropped a millennium or two and joined one of those pagan processions in honor of Apollo, which, in the Delphic month, wound up the sacred way? And was this a priestess of Delphi?

As once more the young girl held out the fragrant leaves and urged me to take them, suddenly the meaning of it all was clear. This was the entrance to Delphi. Indeed, already we had entered upon the sacred way. For just as the carriage swung around a spur in the mountain there burst upon the sight in all its loveliness, exactly as Pausanias has described it, that shrine immortal, "violet-wreathed, brilliant, most enviable." And these shining green leaves in the brown hand before me were

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laurel, sacred laurel, chosen emblem of Apollo, plucked in the very temple-temenos, or sacred inclosure, of the sun-god.

Delphi, even as seen in its ruin, is inspirational. I was speaking with one of the best-known present-day writers of Greece concerning the impression which such a scene can not fail to make upon all who take any interest in classical antiquity. "Yes," replied the Greek, "it was such scenes as that from the Acropolis of Athens and that at Delphi which gave Lord Byron his noblest inspirations." Then, apologizing for any errors in English pronunciation, the patriot paused, and, after a moment, with voice deepening and eye kindling, he repeated in faultless phrase those lines in which the hero of Missolonghi, forgetting his cynicism and *Weltschmerz*, laid, with sure hand and loving heart, his wreath of laurel on the shrine of Apollo:

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!

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On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

The sacred precinct behind the Delphian cliff is, indeed, a place where souls of nobler cast than Lord Byron might find wings for song. If the groves were God's first temples, then are the heights, as the Greeks imagined, the altar where the All-Father answers human prayer. Like an eagle's eyrie on its precipice edge between the shining cliffs at the heart of Parnassus, the Apollo shrine at Delphi is more than a mere priestly retreat. Far from the striving world of war and commerce, greed, love, and hate, placid among clouds as its keepers and its husbandmen, the place is peaceful with a calm divine.

No pen ought to venture to describe this high place of nature and of nature-worship. Böcklin alone, had he lived, might have dared to paint it; Böcklin, that artist-

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dreamer misunderstood, who for once with common earthly materials succeeded in picturing those indescribable morning lights and mysterious twilights which are seen in some of nature's rare moods, as witnessed along the coast of Dalmatia and in the island of Corfu. The critics railed. Such scenes, they declared, were the mere color-madness of an art-degenerate. But Böcklin, even according to art canons, was right and the critics were wrong, as critics sometimes may be. And, as I said, had Böcklin, instead of dying at the untimely age of forty-four, lived to riper years, he might have left to posterity some fitting suggestion of that supreme symbol of the pagan glory of Greece, her mountain precipice and shrine of the sun-god.

Delphi, the actual city and shrine, is not seen at first by one approaching from below. It is only as the visitor rounds the corner of a curious elbow-like recess at the heart of the mountain, and turns abruptly to the left, that suddenly across a deep gulf at his feet the whole panorama of the Delphic precinct is unrolled before him.

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Backed by colossal steeps and a gloomy gorge, from which the shadows never are lifted, the shrine is fronted by an abyss vast and awesome. Away to the north, across the valleys, looms cloud-wreathed Olympus.

Once the entire site was buried. Persians, fire and earthquake, waterspouts, Venetians, Turks, and thunderstorms, and, most relentless of all, the slow, corroding march of the obliterating years had done their worst. Archæologists feared that Delphi the divine had ceased to be. A squalid, straggling village of race mongrels, with their offal heaps, covered all the spot. Only here and there some fragment of marble cropping out gave courage for hope. When first the project of an excavation was broached, America might have gained the privilege. But delays occurred. France, quick to seize anything that may glorify herself, secured the prize. She appropriated two million francs to the cause, the mongrels were ousted, and Delphi was given back to the world.

The ancient city now lies exposed,

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throughout length and bound, tenantless, and as if asleep. All the upper walls and more towering columns are gone. In some spots only a cavernous crypt or cellar remains. Still, it is Delphi. With care one can trace clearly the position and contour of nearly every ancient building of importance. The *stadium* and theater and baths, the lesser sanctuaries, gymnasia, and treasuries, the votive pillars and priests' dwellings, the noble winding sacred way, paved in Parnassus limestone—they all are there. On thirty terraces the city rises until upon its uplifted brow is seen, like a snowy crown, that marble dream of Hellenic paganism, the Temple of Apollo. What this temple may have been in its prime no man can say. Only this we know, that it was all in gleaming white precious marble. Over its portal was carved the famous saying, "Know Thyself." Within its innermost holy cella gleamed in wood, in brass, and in pure gold the enigmatical "E." The temple was surrounded by a wilderness of statues. Everywhere were private and national offerings. The place contained the

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plunder of three continents. It was the richest as well as the most sacred shrine of the ancient world.

On the bases of some of the votive pillars still are legible illustrious names, names of men who have made history. Hither had come Miltiades, fresh from the victory of Marathon, and Aristides, before the great venture of Salamis. Pericles, Neoptolemus, Lysander, Solon, Croesus, Themistocles, King Amasis of Egypt, Gelon, Alexander the Great—they all had come, and kneeling here had paid their tribute and whispered the burning question which tormented and controlled them.

My guide sought to distinguish and trace out in one side of the temple foundation the cave of the sibyl of Apollo. In this cave the priestess, seated on her golden tripod over the chasm whence came the intoxicating vapor, or breath of the god, found inspiration to solve the problems of the suppliants. But the sibyl's cave had vanished. We found, still intact, the stone slab on which the tripod of the priestess had rested. There, in one end of the slab,

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could be seen the circular orifice, still vapor-stained, through which the divine afflatus had come. But all else around, shattered by some long-gone seismic disturbance, was indistinguishable chaos. The tripod-stone alone, however, might have served as an altar in the temple of humanity. During a thousand years, in all the circle of civilization, hardly an affair of State, or plan of war, or enterprise freighted with results for the people had been entered upon without first being brought to that gray slab of rock as its touchstone.

Descending from the temple and cave of Apollo, the sacred way of the pilgrims winds toward the left. Passing out the precinct portal, it turns quickly to an inner gorge between approaching cliffs. Here, at the foot of a ravine where the mountain walls almost join, and where the sun seldom penetrates, there is a small square chamber or hollow hewn out of the living rock. In this hollow bubbles forth a fountain. The crystal water is ice-cold. The tinkle of its flow is like sweetest music. This is the famous Castalian fountain. Near here it

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was that my little Greek friend had plucked for me the laurel of Apollo. The spot always has been deemed of sacred interest. To the ancients, "the grandeur of the scenery, the ice-cold water, and the currents of air streaming down from the gorge behind" seemed to assure a divine presence. Even to-day the place retains a certain sense of sanctity. Around the fountain basin are cut steps or resting-places for the pilgrims. In the cliff wall at the back are chiseled niches for votive offerings. The spot probably is unchanged. To-day it is as it was when the worshipers of the slayer of Pytho came to wash in the fountain. For it was the law of Delphi that all petitioners in penitence must wash and sprinkle themselves in the water of the Castalian spring before ascending to consult the oracle in the mountain cleft above. Not without its own elemental appeal to the human heart was this provision. And on observing how deeply worn were the stone steps of the fountain, one could not but ponder a little on the untold burdened souls who there had sought lustration from fear and sor-

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row and sin. This tradition of the cleansing power of the waters of Castalia lived on in the lustral sprinkling by the pontifex maximus of pagan Rome. It reappears to-day in the application of holy water in the Roman Catholic Church. So far-reaching was that ancient Pythian requirement,

“To the pure precincts of Apollo’s portal,
Come, pure in heart, and touch the lustral wave;
One drop sufficeth for the sinless mortal;
All else, e’en ocean’s billows can not lave.”

As here we took leave of the shrine of Delphi, we met a group of peasants from the neighborhood, with stupid, owl-like, wondering eyes, come to wash their clothes at the fountain. To them (as happens so often, alas! in this poor world) the fountain was something utterly commonplace. Those waters immortal, which, like the waters of Shiloah, go softly, served simply as a convenient washtub, always full when every other source of supply for an out-of-door laundry ran dry. Fortunately for our after memories of the place, our little priestess of Apollo now reappeared bearing new offer-

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ings from the patron deity, and wishing us a naïve, gentle farewell.

And thus, with fitting adieu, we left them, the circling mountains and columned ruins of the world's most famous heathen shrine—left them as they slowly and sadly darkened in the violet haze and purple shadows of parting day. Some such picture as this, doubtless, filled the sightless eye of him who sang, “Then Apollo came down like night, and dire was the clang of his silver bow.”

At the celebration at Harvard of the seventieth birthday of President Eliot, he who was the fitting recipient of the gratulations of that hour declared that of all the honors which the day had brought, none had touched him more deeply than the following tribute. Some one had sent him, through the mail, an envelope. On opening it, he found that the envelope contained simply a single green leaf, but that leaf was laurel. And the great concourse of the loyal sons of Harvard who were present and heard burst into tumultuous cheers.

Yes, the oracle of Apollo may be dumb,

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Pan may be dead. But the voice of Delphi, which even Plato affirmed was always for good, still sounds across the world. Her laurel still is green with a mighty faith. For wherever love of country, virtue, truth, godliness may appear, in whatever tongue or language they may be heard, in whatever human experience they offer example or encouragement, there sacred Delphi again speaks, and there is found the true girding for life.

CHAPTER III.

SWAMIS WITH THEIR FAIRIES.

ONE of the influential American public prints not long ago published an editorial entitled "The Yogi Business." The editorial commented upon the fact that this "business" has taken root in the United States, and is flourishing in widely-scattered soils. Attention was called to the fact that one of the main assets of Yogiism seems to be a "Swami," or "god-man." In passing, the author of the article went on to cite a celebrated case of an American widow of international reputation who, under the influence of one of these "Swamis," heard human voices in harp strings, saw angelic faces in apple-blossoms, and received personal signals from the stars of heaven. After disposing of her large fortune in a lop-sided will that brought the case into the courts, ends the narrative, the widow died in a madhouse. The experience of this

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widow is characteristic of “The God-Man Craze.” Attention has been called to it merely to illustrate the mental and moral phenomena that result from the teaching and influence of the Swami. Even so, however, such illustration is an exotic. It is not quite just to the Swami, because it is not taken from his own home environment. It does not reveal the yellow-robed god-man at full length. It is only a snapshot, as it were, at one of the merely casual varieties of religious experience under the spiritual tutelage of the Swami. The cup which the Hindu god-man puts to the lips of humanity can be tested and analyzed only where that cup is drunk undiluted and untrammelled. India is the home of the Swami. Whatever may be his romantic setting forth of strange doctrine in America, Hinduism is his cult. And in India alone can one gauge Hinduism. To test aright the cup of the god-man one needs to mark its effects upon those who for centuries have quaffed it at his hand. Such evidence none may dispute. The evil outcome for the Western woman who here and there comes

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under the sway of the Swami can be forecast with unerring accuracy. For she is simply one of his American fairies. While as yet these are only few in number, they are in spirit and fate like unto their Hindu sister fairies who are legion. And what is a Hindu fairy?

With the hope of indicating by some faint suggestion at least the significance of the Swami to any woman or to any society that he may approach, an effort will be made here to portray this cup-bearer of the Vedanta philosophy as he affects the womanhood of India. One of the important duties of the ancient priests of the Vedas was to ladle out the soma drink for the worshipers. What that soma drink betokened is matter of some doubt among scholars. But there at the gateway of India's religious experience stands that soma bowl itself as the mysterious symbol of that never-dying, stupefying control which the priest has held over Hindu life. The soma drink which the Hindu priests to-day put to the lips of the people of India can not be pictured, perhaps, better in brief

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compass than by a parable drawn from the womanhood of India.

In India when a girl arrives at the age of sixteen without being married it is felt that she is getting old. Her relatives are anxious to have her married. If there is no man in the family, the mother orders the oldest woman in the house to make a "Fairy." This Fairy is a little cloth doll, fashioned to represent a woman, but a woman without hands, feet, eyes, nose, or ears—with only a mouth. This is to show the helplessness of the girl. It is as if to say, "Without a husband, the girl is as helpless as this rag doll." The old woman, through neighbors and friends, discovers somewhere in the community a man who needs a wife. To this man's house she takes the Fairy, and, without many words, shows it to him. The man understands. He applies for the proffered bride and, of course, is accepted. How deep, often, is the grief of a girl when she realizes that, for her, "the Fairy is going round!" The Fairy is intended to represent the helplessness of a Hindu woman without a husband.

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In reality, it pictures her moral and spiritual hopelessness, her utter life abandonment. Like the Fairy, the Hindu woman is without hands, feet, eyes, nose, or ears. What more natural than that she, dumbly, should trust in Hinduism, with its hallowed caste marriage as her only refuge.

But how pitiable her mistake! Rooted in what dishonor does her honor stand? What faith unfaithful would she seek to keep her falsely true! Hindusim can offer the Hindu woman nothing which can help her! The natural life-environment of India forbids a high, pure womanhood. In one of the cities of Southern India not long ago I visited a high caste school for girls. Our attention was called to a child of five in gay attire, who already was a wife. I spoke to her. Proudly but shyly the little one drew out the cord hidden at her neck—the cord which is the Brahmin symbol of wifehood. Her husband was a young man of eighteen or twenty. Every morning he gave her money to buy candy, and sent her to school. If her husband lived, this child-wife soon would enter upon a life of *Purdah*,

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or seclusion, in the zenana. Here, with restricted education and interests, she would pass a life of vanity and vacuity. But if, during the next few years her husband should die, this little girl, instead of growing up to fill even this purposeless rôle in life, would become a child-widow. Chundra Lela, the Nepalese Priestess, has attempted to tell us something of the sadness and sin which Hinduism reserves for its child-widows. But no words can portray the wretchedness of this Avernus of Hindu life. It does not avail to remind us that "deep down in the heart of every Hindu lies an almost passionate devotion to the Great Mother of all." It does not change the essential facts to be told that, with Hindus, "sex is ephemeral. For life to the husband is incomplete without the wife. He can not even say his prayers purely without her; the tie between them is indissoluble." It is true that "for one prayer which is put up to a god in India there are about a thousand to a goddess. All the local deities are female." But the truth remains that both the Institutes of Manu

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and also the Mahabarata give the most revolting rules concerning the slavish submission of married women to their husbands. And the abysmal fate of the wretched child-widows it was—a fate that still to-day annually is engulfing millions—that moved Pundita Ramabai to organize her Christian rescue enterprise, which to so many broken hearts in Shiva's land has proven the one friend of outraged womanhood. Hinduism itself does not deign even to suggest any succor except that of the Suttee, or Widow Burning. But, as the Sikh Scriptures say,

“They are not Suttees who perish in the flames,
O Nanak!

Suttees are those who live with a broken heart.”

No hope is offered to the women of India through the provisions of *caste*. Whatever may be its boasted benefits, such as division of labor, personal protection, and cleanliness, caste confessedly offers nothing to women distinctively. Caste was not made for women. It has no ethical basis. It wastes no words on man's duty to God.

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Its vital point is not conduct, but marriage. Its evangel is not righteousness, but food. Its Bible is no Book of the Stars. It is the Magna Charta of servitude, written by a superstitious tradition. Its creed is caste. As to the effect that this creed of caste has had on female education, we need only quote from one who is ultra favorable in her opinion concerning the present position of Hindu women. "Female education is doubtless doing something to dissipate the almost inconceivable ignorance of the Indian mother," says Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, "but it must be remembered that such education gauged at its highest—and how bad these so-called girls' schools can be, I as inspector know to my cost—only touches four per cent of the total female population." Left to itself in dealing with woman's training, caste brought about a paralysis of the educational conscience. "You might as well attempt," said Dr. Duff, "to lift the loftiest peak of the Himalayas and throw it into the Bay of Bengal, as to attempt female

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education in India." Caste is intended to keep the Hindu woman in perpetual childhood. It aims to crush her individual liberty in the most sacred things of womanhood. It involves her in social practices which would merit only ridicule did they not lead to such suffering. As an illustration of this, at Delhi we had a Brahmin guide. The fourteen-year-old son of this Brahmin had been married with the accompaniment of a caste feast which had ruined the whole family of the Brahmin. The Brahmin was himself thin, pale, and trembling. His family was famishing. He was eager for the filthy copper coins which we were to pay him. But as a high caste Brahmin, he refused at our hands a good supply of excellent food. Under the shadow of a pillar he sat down, rubbing his empty stomach. There he glared at a little out-caste boy, who, pouncing upon the rejected food, spread himself in the sun before Mr. Brahmin, like Dives before Lazarus. The lad, though fearful of the Brahmin, gorged himself on that luncheon, the like of which

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his Pariah palate never had tasted. No. There is no hope for anything or anybody in caste.

The religions of India can not help the Hindu woman. They have made her spiritual outlook "a tangled jungle of disorderly superstitions, a troubled sea without shore or visible horizon, driven to and fro by the winds of boundless credulity and grotesque inventions." We brought home with us from India many emblems of the Hindu faith. Some of these emblems of idolatry have sad stories indeed. They reveal only too clearly how hopeless the Hindu woman must be before a system which is based upon the desecration of her womanhood. One picture idol in my possession is pathetic. It is that of the god Runchord, whose chief temple is not far from Baroda. There is a romantic story concerning this god and this temple. But the real significance of the god is that to his temple annually are brought multitudes of young girls, who there, under the guise of religion, begin that life unspeakable, which is at once the crime and the curse of India.

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The four most sacred shrines of Hinduism are the temples of Jaggannath, Ramanath, Dwarakanath, and Badrinath. The revolting practices which mark the worship at these fanes are the scandal of the world. But the evil which thus, like the night, cloaks these four temples, is not confined to them. Much of the religiously ordered conduct of the people throughout the land is ethically pernicious. Common sense insists upon applying its own test. No social economy that in one provincial town like Gujurati Surat will create over two thousand different inter-warring castes; no ethical system whose sage is a Vivekananda or any of his ilk; no body of faith whose fairest flower is the fakir; no redemptive process whose high priestess is the Nautch Girl—can have any message of uplift. Whatever may have been the past, the future of India is not with the Brahmin. No. The future of India is with the man at the well and the man at the plow.

All this, we concede, may be set down as the hasty judgment of an uninitiated observer. We do not profess to be versed

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in Swami mysteries, certainly not in those of the Bhakti stage. But to strengthen the judgment come, uninvited, certain memories of Benares. Again rises the temple of Madura—sad, tumultuous, depressing. There are the tanks with green, scum-covered water, in which, up to their arm-pits, stand penitents reciting prayers; there are the gloomy corridors through which lurch sacred elephants adorned with gaudy paint and hung with clanging bells. There pose voluptuous dancers resembling bats which the Bengali define as “featherless birds given to grazing at night;” thin-shanked temple musicians, with discordant clamor escort worshipers bearing flowers and melted butter to be lavished on monstrosities of brass and mud; fetid odors lade the air with disease. In the shadows lurk ash-covered fakirs and holy-faced fat men lying in wait for innocent young girls. All around teems a chaos of pilgrims, dawdlers, traders, a world of fraud, deceit, superstition, lechery. Beyond Madura the two temples of Sri Rangam and Jambukeshwar rear their picturesque bulk and unashamed

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heathenism—a veritable tiger-lair of sanctified sons of Belial. Here the young priestesses of vice are crowned with flowers. The awesome gateways and multiplied shrines have the charm of sweet palm groves and flowing waters to make glad the place. The clothing of the idols worshiped is worth a million dollars! But all this only seems to heighten the dejection of the wretches who, in hopeless squalor and abysmal want, supply the background which Reginald Heber noted in his verse referring to just such conditions as those surrounding these two temples—

“Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.”

Yes, doubtless, it is all a matter of opinion and of hasty judgment. None the less we must decline to grant the claim of holiness or even of cleanliness to the ethnic faith of India. As to the thought that the Swami, “god-man,” the professional expert in such moral misery, comes bearing any exalted or godly message for the womanhood of America—let the Swami be referred

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himself for enlightenment to the guardians of public morality and decency.

In the land where woman thus cruelly has been degraded, the most poetically charming and exquisitely conceived building of the whole country is a mausoleum of a woman. It has been said that this Taj Mahal, in its peerless beauty, stands, seemingly, as "a promise of the glorious position which the daughters of India yet shall occupy in their homes and civilization." But not easily will this promise come to pass. The Swamis have done their work thoroughly. The modern soma drink of Hinduism is a veritable draught of enchantment. To bring the timid, esoteric nature of the Hindu woman out from under its influence will call for gentleness and infinite tact. There are, however, three channels through which the light from the cross is streaming in to quicken the moribund. One channel is that of zenana visitation. Across five seas, at this hour, I seem to hear the sound of that drum which was being beaten so softly and mysteriously as we entered the women's apartments of that

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first Hindu home, whose threshold I crossed as a priest. The sacred drum was calling the attention of Ganesh, the god of that household, to the petition of the worshiper who lay prostrate before him, beneath his god-shelf. Poor woman! How many unhappy slaves of Ganesh and Shiva thus in their sorrow at this very hour are lying with their tear-wet faces in the dust! To the monotonous accompaniment of the sacred drum they are sending up pitiful prayers. Here could be asked the question, "Does not God hear an honest petition, even if it is misdirected through blameless ignorance?" Confucius maintained that "all worship being intended for the true God, however addressed, reaches and is accepted by Him."

In one zenana we found a young mother who, compassed about by the most potent influences of heathenism, had won her children and her aged mother to join with her in reading the Bible, and in quiet, hidden prayers and songs to Jesus. In another zenana, that of a rich and cultured Brahmin, a man of high political influence,

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we saw how zenana work penetrates the citadel of Hinduism. The wife of this Brahmin was a woman of striking beauty and presence. She was loaded with jewelry. In her nose-ring was a ruby which would have made the joy of any lover of precious gems. Her shapely, bare, brown feet as she walked set to ringing musically numberless tiny bells on her anklets and toe-rings. She was a Brahmin lady of the highest caste. Her home in every particular showed refinement, culture and caste pride. But this Purdah woman was a Christian. Sweetly she told us how her husband, although a Hindu, was proud of the fact that she was a Christian. In their home he granted her every liberty of worship. But, for social and political reasons, he asked of her not to let the fact of her Christian worship be known outside in the city. Only those who know India will understand how the barriers in that high-caste home had been broken down when it is stated that this gentle lady, at our parting, put flowers in our hands, timidly again called herself Christian, and then, after sprinkling us

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with rose-water, actually shook hands with us, though at this last proceeding, it must be confessed, the gentle Hindu convert was abashed. "In those darkened homes and rooms, with no eye but the eye of God upon it, that work of zenana visitation, quietly, silently is undermining the walls of heathenism. And when the foundations give way, it will be seen how great has been the work!"

The second open door into the heart of India's womanhood is the gate of child training. In India the relation of the Christian propaganda to the child is understood thoroughly. It is being worked out with wisdom. In a city of Southern India, through the experiences of one day, we saw illustrated the far-reaching possibilities of this Christian adoption of the Hindu child. Early in the morning of that day we visited a high-caste mission school, in which the little daughters of Brahmins were being taught. Among these children, two bright girls of high caste, arrayed in silks and jewels, confessed to us that secretly they were Christians. They said that soon they would acknowledge Christ in their own

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homes. That same forenoon, driving past a burning ghat, where we saw the burning of a dead Hindu, we visited a village school in the outskirts of the city. Here, in a mud hut, crowded with children whose parents devoutly had followed the dead Hindu to his cremation, we heard Christian songs and prayers, and there were sincere Christian testimonies from a score of the company. In the afternoon we made a call at a girls' orphanage. Here were a great assembly of famine children who were being trained up as Christians. Two demure, tiny maids, speaking the Tamil tongue, exploited the catechism in an amazing antiphonal duet. The questions and answers flew back and forth with the rapidity of a weaver's shuttle.

The third entrance to the hearts of Hindu women has been gained through the medical mission. Some one has said that "the moment the medical missionary sets foot on his chosen field, he is master of the universal language, the unspoken tongue of the heart, and is welcomed to the homes of strangers. The simple Arab lifts to him

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the curtain of his goats'-hair tent and bids him enter. The mandarin calls him to his palace. The peasant begs him to come to his lonely cabin. The Brahmin leads him to the recesses of his zenana. Heal the bodily ailments of the heathen in the name of Christ, and you are sure, at least, that he will love you and bless you, and all that you say will have to him a meaning and a power not conveyed by other lips." This certainly is true of the Hindu. Few Christian agencies so surely are dowered with success as is the medical mission. Wiser in some particulars than are we, perhaps, is the heathenism which has made of womanhood itself a sacred cult. Needless to say that women who are so abnormally sensitive in all personal matters as are the women of India must be approached in a way that shall win their womanhood at its vital point. The Lal Puji feast indicates what this vital point is. In Mandalay we saw a Lal Puji procession. Through this procession a certain caste of the city was proclaiming the fact that a number of the girls of that caste had reached marriageable

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age, and were about to go into a life of Pur-dah or caste seclusion. The whirling triangular Burmese gongs of the marchers were pleasant to hear. And the poor little "fairies," without doubt, were as desirable as the loud advertising would seem to warrant. But, from a Western understanding of the situation, the emblems so jauntily displayed might have been changed to advantage. But the point of it all, of course, was the fact that here some young girls were about entering upon the duty of womanhood, and this was religion. The Swami, then, is only following the line of tradition when he turns to women as the chosen field for his occult teaching. But like the enchanted cup in the old story, the Swami's soma draught, even in India, is losing its enchantment when the Christ is named.

In a certain city of Hindu land a Mohammedan tomb has been converted into a deaconess home. Under the refectory pavement in this home the grave still is intact. The dome which was reared for a dead Mussulman echoes now to the foot-steps of toilers for the Christ. Such trans-

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formation is not profanation; it is fulfillment. It also is symbolical. India, the house of the dead, is awakening to a new life. Among

“. . . hearts that are broken with losses
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear,”

angels of a consecrated womanhood have come to keep tryst with them that yearn for the new day. Everywhere are driving chariots of God. Along countless shining ways His star promises redemption to those who during millenniums have fed on Shiva’s bread of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

MYSTICS OF THE SACRED DRAGON.

A RISING sea betokened increasing nearness to Ceylon. On the evening air there floated to us an aroma like incense from some unseen temple. Let no surly skeptic scout this. I tell only what is true. The breezes from Ceylon's isle are freighted, even far out at sea, with the unmistakable perfume of spices. And after the harsh tang of old Ocean, indescribable is the sweetness of this first wooing breath from the shores of a tropical land.

The island itself now began to be seen. A full moon rode high among the brilliant southern stars. In this magical light things were not what they seemed. With its long log outrigger and bellying sail, the native catamaran which swept by us, lifting itself with a leap from wave to wave, appeared to be some strange sea-vulture racing a serpent over an abyss of phosphorescent

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fire. Those mountain peaks, half hidden in mist and cloud, were ghostly keepers of the sea whose heads were helmeted in heaven. Those meadow spaces sloping up toward the mountains were the bad lands of the fever demon cloaking themselves for concealment. That steady gleam of red yonder to the left was no harbor light. It was the angry eye of the demon himself lying in wait for new victims.

Some things, however, we could distinguish with clearness. We could see the coral reefs where mounds of surge sweeping up from the South Pole rolled themselves flat in a smother of dazzling silver. Beyond the breakers we could make out golden sands backed by palm trees. In the ivory moonlight the eye could trace the exquisite feathery outlines of the palms. What would be the glory of this wonderland under the full morning sun!

But as so often vanish the dreams of night, the morning found us anchored fast in the mud of Colombo Harbor. The usual harbor experience in the East, with its bewildering mob of screaming, struggling,

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frenzied Orientals, soon brought us back to eastern earth, with all its sad and sinister suggestions.

To an American, the city of Colombo is a revelation. From the Puritan viewpoint, the street scenes of the city are shocking. In view of the temperature, however, the Buddhist priests in their sad, yellow canonicals hardly could be charged with improper dress. Some of the shop-keepers do wear, it is true, in addition to their tortoise-shell combs, short cotton jackets. But the rickshaw coolies, in running-gear, are clad only in handkerchiefs. And, aside from their silver ornaments, the native girls of Colombo wear little more than the coolies.

But in other ways in this Singhalese city does one feel the full call of the East. Glaring European business blocks are framed in by gigantic tree-ferns and fragrant cinnamon gardens. Christian churches are overtopped by the grotesque bulk of heathen temples. Human bipeds are the dray-horses. Passenger traffic is in springless carts, whisked along by tiny bullocks, which trot like equine thorough-

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breds. At every street corner one sees offered for sale the most appetizing fruits and native foods, which teem with typhoid bacilli. A day's shopping is a terrible thing of noise, muck, and infinite chaffering in the long bazaar. But in all, through all, and over all is the redemption of color, crude, "booming" color, as the impressionists say; kaleidoscopic, indescribable color.

This Colombo study in color finds ultimate expression in the local trade of the city. Every one deals in precious stones. Here is heaped the wealth of the Indies—jewels of glorious luster and painted backs, pearls from Ceylonese waters and other pearls not harvested from any sea. Indeed, the city itself has been declared to be a fulfillment of Scripture, "The stones of it are the place of sapphires and it hath dust of gold." Is it because of this or is it on account of those stirring pirate stories concerning "The Great Ceylon Ruby," that in Colombo one hears the unregenerate man say, "The ruby dealer knoweth the value of a Ceylon ruby; better a sapphire with a flaw in it than a pebble without one."

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But in this city of revelation I found one key to many mysteries. I discovered it through an old sword picked up out of a heap of junk in a curio dealer's shop. The dealer in antiquities who bore the proud title of "The Holder of the Greatest Cat's-eye on Earth," took little interest in my armorial find. He simply said that it was an ancient Singhalese weapon of particularly poor steel, adding that I might have it "very inexpensive."

The narrow, curved blade of the sword, corroded and bent, certainly never had been tempered on Jeypore anvil. But the hilt of the weapon, who could mistake it? It was the inimitable bronze leogryph dipped in silver, the true counterpart to those historic Kandyan sword-hilts so prized and cherished in the national museum of Ceylon. Close examination showed that there could be no doubt in the matter. I held in my hand one of the famous dragon swords of old Ceylon.

This island of the Singhalese once had been great and powerful. Around its Kandyan kings a circle of warriors bear-

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ing swords just like the one before me had upheld for centuries a far-famed national throne. These warriors of the dragon sword had molded their kingdom after their own pattern. Not until internal treason had unlocked their citadel could all the power of the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, the English combine to overthrow the labor of their hands. History tells of a grand monarch of this Kandyan line, known as Don John, who had treaties with all the world. The magnificence of his imperial establishment filled with amazement all who beheld it. That cosmopolitan Dutchman, Admiral Spilbergen, who on a mission from the Prince of Orange, visited the Kandyan court, wrote a description of his visit. “The Singhalese emperor,” he says, “sent his own palanquin covered with cloth of gold for his conveyance with elephants for his attendants, while parties of natives laden with fruit and wine scarcely inferior to that of Portugal lined the road.”

But back of Don John of Kandy there were other monarchs of still older royal

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lines in Ceylon for whom this dragon on the sword had a meaning. There was the conqueror Bahu, who ravaged India; and there was Sena, the literary king, who compiled a chronicle still to be seen and read; and there was a great building ruler, Mahanama, whose chief city was described by a Chinese visitor in the fifth century as being of colossal proportions and fabulous splendor.

And yet still back of these went the meaning of that dragon sword-hilt. For the fantastic, rampant creature thus represented was really of mystical meaning. At heart it possessed a profound spiritual significance. Just as the cross-shaped hilts of the swords of the Crusaders stood for the Christ, so this weird emblem of life, half lion, half griffin, on this sword of Ceylon, pointed to a savior of men. It was one of the signs royal of Sakya Muni, Buddha, the Lord of the World.

The old Singhalese fighting men, being like the Tibetans, supersensitive Buddhists, used weapons about as do the followers of the Grand Lama to-day. The latter hold it

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a sin to slay any living thing. Only by religious sleight of hand is iron, an instrument of salvation, utilized by them for war. On swords of soft steel they set three jewels, two red stones and a turquoise, symbolic of the three great sins of the human heart —concupiscence, anger, ignorance. Then if, in self-defense, the Tibetan warriors needs must strike, they pray the while that any enemy slain by the jeweled steel may be born again as some other creature free from the great sins, at least of blood-marked humanity. So the Singhalese Buddhists of old time, giving scant heed to the temper of their weapons, rested hard on Buddhist scripture. They carved their sword-hilts after the image of the leogryph or beeloo, the fabled Buddhist dragon, that same blessed nightmare monster which guards the big Burmese pagoda at Rangoon, and also all the little pagodas on the road to Mandalay. This dragon, sacred emblem of Buddhism, represents among other things warmth and light; and from these two, declare the enlightened, come all good things.

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But how mystical and far-reaching is this thought of the sacred dragon may be gathered from a vivid nature exposition of the idea as given by a Japanese Buddhist: "Hidden in the caverns of inaccessible mountains, or coiled in the unfathomed depths of the sea, this mystic creature bides his time. He rouses himself slowly. In the storm-clouds he unfolds himself. In the blackness of the seething whirlpools he washes his mane. In the fork of the lightning are his claws. In the bark of rain-swept trees begin to glisten his scales. In the hurricane which, scattering the withered leaves of the forest, quickens a new spring is heard his voice. Amid the battle of elements he sheds his crusted skin. Woe to him who dallies with the terrible one!"

The sword which bears upon it the image of the holy leogryph, therefore, may open to its victim, say these Buddhists, the path to the garden of the deva-lokas. Through life's red gates twain of blood and one last sleep, fathomless as the blue of heaven, he shall come to Nirvana's warmth

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and light—"the dewdrop slips into the shining sea."

But my dragon sword had more than this behind it. The weird, uncanny shape of its hilt was due not entirely to Buddhist imagining and teaching. In part it was a relic and inheritance of yet older dreams and beliefs. It spoke of the aboriginal demon worship in the island of spices. This black fiend fear, as old as the world, had held the people of Ceylon under its spell for centuries before Gautama came. The new teacher had not attempted to drive this superstition out. He had sought rather to conquer it and to use it for his own needs. And so it came about that the land which grew to be the holy land of Gautama's faith remained always a land of the foulest pagan devils. Gradually it became filled with shrines, images, and temples of Buddha, and yet this gentle teacher's gospel of love and self-effacement was linked, as hilt is joined to blade, with limitless ignorance and moral obliquity. Ceylon, so lovely that it seems an isle of unearthly pavilions, the Lotus Eater's Land of the

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Afternoon, to which Ulysses came, is yet the native heath of the devil dancer. It is the seminary or breeding place of a devil spirit which all the missionary books and bells do not cast out. And there is no dearth of missionary labor at exorcism with the far-wandered sons of one Wesley at closest grapple with them that are devil-possessed.

Is it, then, just because here in Ceylon this boasted Buddhist evangel of warmth and light casts some semblance and promise of holiness over things utterly bestial that, after a century of Christian work and teaching in the land, we still must sing:

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone?”

But why tarry so long in Colombo? The voice of the island calls. It calls from the south, telling of picturesque ruins and temples and of a vegetation unsurpassed

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in loveliness by that of any other spot on earth. It calls from the east, picturing trackless wastes where rogue elephants lie in wait and where wild men make their lairs. It calls from the mountains, promising the upland delights of Nuwara Eliya, where one can drink tea from one's own planting, and can play golf in coolth (as Kipling has coined the word) oblivious to the fact that thermometer and barometer together, possibly, have gone mad on the steaming coast below.

Whithersoever the voice calls, however, we must see Kandy, storied Kandy, the last royal capital of Ceylon. We must see it if only for the sake of its Temple of the Sacred Tooth. As to whose tooth it is, or how it arrived where it is, the heretical pilgrim may be puzzled. But for the faithful no shadow of a doubt! While for the fourth time, in this world-cycle, Lord Buddha was in the body, this molar was his. When the Lord of the World had no further use either for fourth body or for any fragment of the same, the tooth started on a religious tour. About 200 A. D., as the

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unenlightened reckon time, to avoid the carnal violence of certain consecrated (by caste) Brahmins, the tooth came from somewhere in the north to Ceylon. It had the sentimental good taste to travel concealed in the tresses of an Indian princess. A branch of the bo-tree, under which Gautama sat on the day that he attained Buddhahood, long before had been brought over from India and planted at Anuradhapura, at that time the royal capital of Ceylon. Later had come a stray hair or two and then a collarbone, all from the same fourth body of the great Budh. Now that the tooth had arrived, Anuradhapura immediately established within her gates a *Monumentum ecclesiæ Buddisticæ* and assumed the proud title of The Sacred City of Ceylon. Monks flocked to the establishment. But quite as quickly did the monkeys of the neighborhood recognize the practical advantages of such proceedings. What sweet shelter from the elements, what never-failing alms of rice and plantains from pious pilgrims to the shrine of the tooth and to the bo-tree! Never was

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there any falling off in the lower order of the bo-tree ministry. When we duly gave alms under the shade of the Anuradhapura tree-shrine, the windows of the sky seemed literally to open to us, pouring out monkeys that there was not room enough to receive them. The tooth long since had journeyed on to Kandy.

In Kandy itself it matters little that in the course of its wanderings the original molar has disappeared. It was pounded in a mortar, say some, and scattered over the sea by a conscientious archbishop of Goa, jealous for the souls of his see. But what matters it? When, in its uttermost faith, has the human heart ever needed the aid of material fact? Let the present tooth, suspended on its lotus of gold under seven priceless coverings, be actually what it resembles, a crocodile's fang discolored by age; let its lineage be of as doubtful historicity as are the connecting links of the apostolic succession itself, yet the thing will serve.

As we entered the Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth, as the present resting-

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place of the relic at Kandy is called, we found the outer precincts of the sanctuary in the possession of a host of saturnine, yellow-robed, holy men, who were supposed to be guarding the sacred spot. They were almost as numerous and as deeply immersed in duty as were the Russian officers in that famous *café chantant* at Port Arthur during the famous siege. At sight of us the faithful temple ministers, scenting bakshish, leaped to their conchs, their flageolets, and tom-toms. How those heathen did worship as we walked on through the corridor of Inferno. This rather startling appellation was the name, at least of the particular passageway through which we came. But what Inferno was meant we could not quite make out, since from the corridor frescoes, which were intended to describe the place, its torments appeared to be reserved exclusively for the daughters of Eve.

Out of sight of the gate-keeping priests the music ceased. We now drew near to the temple treasury. This structure popularly is believed to enshrine the tooth. The

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building, set in the center of a court, resembles an antique safe-deposit vault covered with burglar-proof bolts and locks. This is the sanctum sanctorum of the temple. Facing it, sat numerous worshipers, silent and motionless. The occasional click of a prayer-bead in the hand of some devotee alone broke the stillness. In the silent company here gathered were pilgrims from India, Burma, Java, China, and Korea. Tibet was not without its contingent. Some of the worshipers were coolies without a cash. Others possessed their lakhs of rupees. One forlorn individual all shaven and shorn was pointed out to us as a prince. But all sat in humility, silently meditating upon that beautiful prayer of the Buddhist creed which begins, *Om mane padme hauni* (O the jewel in the lotus! Amen. The great sun rises, the sunlight comes, the dewdrop slips into the shining sea).

The solemn stillness of the place, the undeniable earnestness of the worshipers, the world-wide interests which they represented, the fact that in a moral and spir-

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itual sense we were far from home, all combined to impress us. Some Bostonian Buddhists whom I know would have been transported into the Brahma-lokas (Buddhist higher heavens). As it was, I thought of the dragon on the sword with its promised warmth and light, with its mystical offer of a fairer life chance.

The mind was borne away to another scene, to the sacred altar-place in the Arrakan Pagoda at Mandalay. The gold bronze figure of the great teacher which is there holds in its metal mask a miraculous likeness to the Master, it is said, because Sakya Mouni himself aided in erecting the image. The obedient bronze, conscious of the touch divine, took the likeness of the Lord. From all the East come pilgrims to worship before that great bronze face, for is not He there in His own presence? And so now that scene rose before us as we had marked it last, on a feast day of the devout Burmans. The sacred chamber was filled with its own gloomy shadows, rendered more dismal by clouds of curling incense. The floor of the chamber seemed a pavement of stars.

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Everywhere were lighted candles placed in front of the image. Behind the candles was a silent circle of worshipers, kneeling and with bowed heads praying.

What centuries had come and gone since first the cold marble of the floor had been decked with its stars to light up the great bronze face! And what generations had come and gone and what empires had risen and vanished since first that face had looked out from the darkness over the heads of bowed worshipers, gazing always with its half sad, unseeing eyes, its dreamy, inscrutable smile?

It is only when we are at the heart of the East itself among the worshipers who there pray for warmth and light before a face like this at Arrakan Pagoda, that we can understand the soul of a faith like that of Buddhism. One bearing the significant name of Sadakichi has sought to put this soul of the Buddhist faith into an apostrophe to Buddha, as he thus sits, dreaming away the centuries: "How peaceful life seems at the feet of the great tranquil figure; what happiness it must be to feel one's self en-

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franchised, to be no longer conscious of the flight of life, of the incessant fall into the sad past, to conquer time as he has done whom centuries have left untouched. Ah, ye ancient ascetics, gentle dreamers, who sought in fashioning these idols centuries ago to weave a rainbow-colored veil over dark reality; . . . with what a smile of disdainful pity would you regard the Western race, these materialists. . . . You would make no attempt to enlighten them. You would leave them to their busy goings and comings, to their pride of action; and slowly, with half-closed eyes, you would return to your solitary dreams, to your tranquilizing contemplation of the motionless and eternal."

Yes, this it was for which these rapt devotees before us were yearning and striving. Might they attain their search! Sympathetic in spite of our prejudices, we crept away repeating involuntarily, "The great sun rises, the sunlight comes, the dewdrop slips into the shining sea!"

Kandy, however, is more than its temple. The picturesque monastic buildings and

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the homes of the natives, with their romantic surroundings of lake and mountain, the winding forest paths and the vivid green paddy fields, the tea plantations, and the botanical garden of countless tropical marvels, make up a whole of indefinable charm. The lazy and insolent citizens of the town are not worthy of such a setting. But what is lost in the man of Kandy is found again in the Kandyan elephant. He, at least, measures up to his traditions. Stalking along with noiseless feet, but with bells melodious clanging at his side, his mere bulk, backed by that sinuous inquisitive trunk, clearing everything from before him, the Kandyan elephant surely is the poet's "serpent - handed, huge, earth - shaking beast." One of the sights of Ceylon is these monsters of the still semi-barbaric old capital sporting like water-dogs in the lovely little river which a benevolent rajah has set apart as the elephant water preserve of Kandy.

From Kandy the road leads naturally to Anuradhapura, the ancient metropolis of the island when Ceylon was in her glory.

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The best approach to this “buried city” is past the famous cliff carvings and rock temples of Sigiri and Dambulla. The latter spot is memorable from the fact that near it the sacred words of Buddha for the first time were put into writing. Leaving Dambulla the road, continuing north, plunges into a tangled wilderness, where every plant of earth seems to grow in rank profusion. This is, indeed, the jungle primeval. It is the haunt of Mowgli, of Rikitikitavi, of the wolf with the pack, and of all the other interesting jungle folk. As you pass along what appears to be so still and deserted, in reality is swarming with life. Over on yonder wooded knoll a wild elephant, a great tusker, picket of his herd, stands with trunk up-lifted to trumpet alarm. That ghost-like gleam behind the cactus was a white peacock hurrying to his mate. These trees overhead hold each its sleeping monkey. That rustle as of a dried leaf being blown along by the wind is a cobra slinking away. It is not an ant-hill which is heaped up brown and dusty at the foot of the para tree before you, it is a live coiled snake.

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The reptile, however, has a loreal shield between eye and nose. Brush him aside, therefore; he will not harm you. But unless you seek Nirvana, touch not that wild Amherstia tree so gaudy with its pendent red blossoms. Under the nearest blossom swings a krait. He is a tiny viper, as you see, but no thanatophidian of earth is more deadly in his stroke. Mark how the little hypocrite swings by his tail, head drooping, beady eyes quite shut as if asleep. Our friend is meditating, without doubt, upon that foul slander of the jungle song, "Go ye, play with the cobra, but 'ware of the krait."

So lies the way to Anuradhapura. The city itself is in ruins. It is well-nigh lost in the ocean of tropical green which has swept over it. Desolate are the palaces and towers. The royal garden, Mahamegha, once the wonder of the East, is now only a swamp with a broken tank bordered by a few fever-stricken huts. Is this the "warmth and light for evermore" promised by the dragon guardian of the city? We must not, however, belittle such a city's

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history. Still to-day, as for two thousand years, pilgrims come down the sacred road of Anuradhapura to acquire merit by worshiping at her shrines. Still, even in its ruins, the city enshrines the most venerated symbols of the Buddhist religion. Of late the jungle is being cleared away from some of the more noted temples and altars. After centuries of concealment, the ancient monuments are emerging. The architectural remains thus laid bare are stupendous. In majesty of proportion the ruins only fall short of the ruins of ancient Egypt. "In importance they are but little inferior to Nineveh and Pompeii." There, for example, is the sacred tank or reservoir of Miuneri, twenty miles in circumference, and a dagoba or pagoda of solid masonry, originally three hundred and sixteen and still two hundred and sixty-nine feet high. There is stone screen carving "designed as if by Titans, finished as if by jewelers." There also can be numbered the sixteen hundred granite foundation pillars of the Brazen Palace, which rose nine stories and had nine hundred chambers for priests.

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Countless are the other ruins surrounding dagobas, which still are honored with gifts of flowers and colored flags. Some of the shrines are almost hidden under the mass of offerings.

There is a Singhalese legend of a deer which, after saving a herd of its fellows across a river from pursuing huntsmen, was swept away itself by the flood. This deer, says the legend, was Buddha. His spirit still lingers in the valleys of Ceylon, and some day he will come again with salvation for all suffering creatures. I thought of this tradition one morning as we were climbing up to the ancient rock temple which marks the western limit of Anuradhapura. We had come quietly. The place seemed deserted. But on coming out upon the summit of the sacred rock, we discovered a young woman bowed alone in prayer before the temple image of Buddha. The worshiper had heaped the blackened altar at Buddha's feet with masses of white flowers. No curling incense, no tomtoming of priests was there, no clicking bead or tinkling bell—nothing but earth's own blos-

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soms and a human heart full of human suffering. For as the young woman, at last made aware of our presence, arose and turned away we saw that her eyes were red-rimmed with weeping and that tears were still on her cheeks.

Is this then, after all, the true meaning of the Buddhist dragon teaching? But the veil of Maya cast over us is hiding the truth from our hearts. Are the warmth and light of the great Sun yet to come to them who in sorrow wait beside the shining sea? Or is our own faith really larger than we know and we ourselves only failing to comprehend the universal riddle which lies at the heart of each individual sorrow?

“Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,”

sang Reginald Heber, amending the original hymn from which we have quoted. Face to face with a deeper meaning in the words, “And other sheep I have, which are not

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of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice: and there shall be one fold and one shepherd," must we yet again amend the hymn of our faith? Must we add to it still another stanza? Must we even learn to sing:

“My brother kneels (so saith Kabir)
To stone and brass in heathen wise,
But in my brother’s voice I hear
My own unanswered agonies,
His God is as his fates assign,
His prayer is all the world’s, and mine?”

PART IV.
DRINKING THE CUP.

“But the color of it was like fire. And I took it, and drank; and when I had drunk of it, my heart uttered understanding, and wisdom grew in my breast, for my spirit retained its memory.”

Love watcheth, and sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired; when straitened it is not constrained; when frightened it is not disturbed; but like a vivid flame and a burning torch it mounteth upwards and securely passeth through all. Whosoever loveth knoweth the cry of this voice.—OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till the break of day, and then he awoke and sang.—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, CHAPTER III.

Now stares my gaze, dull, on the Healing-Cup;
The holy Blood doth glow:
Redemption's rapture, goodly kind,
Doth thrill abroad through every spirit:
Redeemer! Saviour! Gracious Lord!
How may I, sinner, pay my guilt?

Oh! what a wonder-crowning joy!
Ne'er shall it more be hid again:—
Uncover the Grail,—open the shrine.

—PARSIFAL, ACT II, AND END OF DRAMA.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there;
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold Thou art there;
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.

—THE PSALMS, 139: 7-10. R. V.

Chorus.—There is atonement. Touch but Loxias' altar,
And he from bloody stain shall wash thee clean.

Orestes.—Ye see them not. I see them. There!—Away!
The hell-hounds hunt me; here I may not stay.

Chorus.—Nay, but with blessing go. From fatal harm
Guard thee the God whose eyes in love behold thee!
Æschylus. Choephorae. Conclusion.

CHAPTER I.

SICK SOULS AND THE CRUCIFIX.

ON the northern edge of the Province of Quebec, not far from the borders of Ungaya, Labrador, there is a monastery. It stands on the banks of the Mistassini River, close to a romantic cataract. This "House of God," as the monks call their retreat, is in the heart of a trackless wilderness. There are no roads leading to it. There is no civilized habitation between it and Hudson Bay. Two centuries and more ago this far north country was much better known than it is to-day. The adventurous Jesuit missionaries then made Lake Saint John their headquarters. They explored the whole region to its loneliest recesses. Algonquin tradition tells of a famous white chief, the fabled son of Sir Hendrik Hudson, who at that time, after the mysterious fate of his father, ruled as a wise king over this land. The wild valleys of the Mistassini and the Peribonca still vaguely recall his memory. Now, at

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the end of the nineteenth century, these regions again are almost unknown. Except to a few intrepid trappers, the whole country is simply a geographical blank.

Some years ago a little company of Trappist monks, true to the spirit of their order, sought out a lonely spot in this northern wilderness for their home. Here, at least, they felt secure. As unmolested as the hermits of the twelfth century, they could flee from the world and the vain lusts thereof, while their voices could rise like a fountain in prayer.

Twice before I had visited a Trappist monastery; once in the Austrian Tyrol, on a mountain peak above the clouds. When, therefore, by a happy chance, the rare privilege of visiting the monastery on the Mistassini River was offered me, I accepted it with profound interest. The journey itself to the monastery was one to interest the most blasé traveler. It had the fascination, a part of the way at least, of an exploration through almost unknown wilds.

We left the head of navigation on the Saguenay River and passed, at first, through

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a picturesque and primitive country of rugged hills and crystal rivers with shining, unsoiled sands. There the moose still bellows, the salmon leaps, and the caribou makes his home. Here and there, at distant intervals, we saw the rude hut of some Acadian guide or hunter, half-hidden in the shadows of the forest. Twice we passed an old, dilapidated Hudson Bay Company's fortress. We reached the southern shore of Lake Saint John at the village of Roberval. There we could see in the distance the silvery clouds that hang forever like a veil above that wonderful gorge where the Ouiatchouan (Do-you-see-the-falls-there?) River empties its tempestuous life over a mountain wall into silence and cavernous gloom. Roberval is a straggling pioneer outpost, where only the French Canadian patois is spoken. It claims interest, however, from the dreadful historical tragedy with which its name will be linked forever. Beyond Roberval "the sweet civilities of life" do not obtain. The village chapel, in which reservation squaws make shrill, plaintive music, marks the vanishing point of

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the last thin fringe of northern settlements. On the opposite margin of the lake begins a gloomy and unbroken waste, which ends but with Hudson Bay and the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean.

At Roberval we boarded a diminutive, wheezy, flat-bottomed river steamboat. Thus we crossed, leisurely, Lake St. John, that enchanting inland sea which the Indians so poetically term "Haunt of the Ouananiche" (fresh-water salmon). After several hours of puffing and wheezing, our quaking craft struggled over a sand-bar into the mouth of the Mistassini River. With prow turned now toward the north star, we made our way slowly up the long and tortuous watercourse that seemed as still as "sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep." As we passed along we saw no signs of life whatever, except an occasional Indian wigwam, where a few squaws were picking blueberries. Not even a hawk or wandering deer disturbed the lonely haunts of the gray, moss-hung woods. Surely this was "the forest primeval." Here melancholy Cowper might have found his prayer realized:

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“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.”

Suddenly the distant roar of a waterfall began to fill the air. The sound increased as we advanced. Soon the air was tremulous with it. At last we turned a bend in the river and passed between two towering, rocky islands. There before us, upon the opposite bank, lay the monastery. Never shall I forget the weird beauty of that spot. Charles the Fifth’s cloister retreat at Yuste, in all its boasted charms, could not have been more lovely. Jeremiah himself would have been satisfied with this “lodging place of wayfaring men in the wilderness.” On a point of land, beside a roaring, snow-white cataract, stood a small cluster of buildings walled in on three sides by steep and lofty river banks. From one of the buildings, as we drew near, there came the notes of a sweet-toned bell, evidently ringing for prayers. Crowning the hill above the monastery itself there stood a chapel. Beside the

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chapel a wooden cross lifted its arms against the sky. The deep-voiced roar of the cascade was ever in our ears. An inexpressible air of peacefulness and contentment brooded over the scene.

The boat landed us a short distance below the monastery. The path to the buildings wound through a swampy wood. Walking through this, we came unexpectedly upon a Trappist lay brother, a tall and rather sepulchral-looking figure, clad in a robe of coarse brown which was tucked up around the waist. We stopped and asked the monk a question, but he did not reply. He simply smiled and bowed his head in silence. Then I remembered the Trappist vows of perpetual silence. We courteously saluted the smiling brother and passed on.

The monastery itself was an unpretentious, barrack-like building close to the river's edge. It was within reach of the mist and spray of the waterfall. At its door roared the headlong and desperate life of the cataract, through which the Mistassini River tore its way down from the wooded heights above. In the slowly

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swirling black pools below I saw more than one goodly salmon leap in his glory.

A young monk met us at the monastery entrance. He was dressed in a white robe sweeping to his feet. At his waist he wore the huge rosary and crucifix of the Trappist order. The cloister brother smiled and welcomed us in French. This, we found, was the language of the monastery. No English at all was spoken. The recluse informed us that he had been appointed guestmaster for that day. He, therefore, was free from the rule of silence. Could he not place himself at our service? I confess that the first thing of which I thought was the unmonastic subject of dinner. I had heard strange tales of how the monks were allowed to eat but once a day, and, even then, fared badly on stale bread and vegetables. We were famishing. The guestmaster read our eagerness in our eyes. He smiled benignantly and assured us that we need not fear. We should dine satisfactorily, and dinner would be ready shortly. Meanwhile, would I not like to inspect the monastery? Madam, however—with a thousand pardons

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—must not enter. It was contrary to the rules of the order. So again, for Eve's sake, the door was shut.

Following the monk I entered, leaving madam in the ante-room alone with a crucifix. We passed through a room or two, and then down a long corridor. We met several white-robed figures, but they were one and all as silent as the Sphinx. At the end of the corridor we entered a narrow passage and door, and then stood at once in the monastery chapel. A strange sight met our eyes. We were in the presence of the mystic heart of a Trappist monastery. Everything bespoke the rigid rubrics of La Trappe. The mediæval-like scene was impressive beyond all words, when the outer surroundings of that "House of God" were recalled. For one moment I caught myself wondering whether this was not all some theatrical arrangement or trick set for worldly, profane eyes. This, however, I put from me at once as an unworthy and unwarranted suspicion. Who would question the sincerity of the sad and self-torturing Trappist brothers?

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The chapel was lighted dimly. One small lamp burned feebly from the ceiling, while a faint half-light struggled through the heavily curtained windows. At the further end of the chapel stood the high altar. Severe as this was, lacking all the rich and more sumptuous symbols of Roman worship, it produced, perhaps, even heightened effect with its one blood-stained crucifix.

In front of the altar, arranged in a semi-circle, were seventeen tall, straight-back armchairs of oak—a chair for each monk of the chapter. One thought instinctively of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. In those monastic thrones twice each day the assembled brothers chant the “*Salve Regina*,” the historic hymn of their order, and join in the solemn responses of the office. Four big and ancient black-letter copies of the Gospels rested on four lecterns within the semicircle of seats. All else was bare. There was a stillness, as of the tomb.

In the half-darkness of the place we could make out dimly the figure of a monk, a gaunt and emaciated man in a long brown

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robe, with the cowl drawn down closely over his face. He was prostrate on the floor before the altar, lost in silent prayer. His hands were clasped in apparent agony, but no sound came from his lips. Thus, night and day before that altar, some one monk, covering his face with his cowl, prostrates himself to make intercession. As I gazed, that pitiful, motionless figure still prayed on, oblivious to the world. Somewhere off in the hidden recesses of the monastery there was the sound of a bell. Slowly there stole upon the ear the faint echoes of a distant, muffled chant, "Ave, Ave, Maria!"

The guestmaster courteously conducted me to the superior of the monastery, Father —, a portly man, of cordial, polished manners, who had come recently from the headquarters of his order in France. Then I was shown the narrow sleeping cells where the monks take their broken rest on hard boards, and each Friday, at midnight, worst the adversary by flagellating their own bare backs. I saw more than one whip that looked as if it might be stained with blood. Every ap-

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pointment of the place was of the simplest and most austere kind. In the room of the catechumens I saw two novitiates, both of whom, on seeing a stranger, turned their backs and hid their faces in the corners. What misfortune, or, possibly, mystery may have been theirs? As we went about, wherever we met a white-robed brother of shaven face and tonsured head, he, at our approach, simply bowed himself the lower over his monastic duty. Each plied only the more diligently his appointed task. No sound or even sign of recognition was exchanged. For them the long silence of the grave had begun.

The guestmaster proved a most interesting companion. Evidently he enjoyed his loosened tongue. He entertained me with a full description of his order and its way of life.

The active ideal of the Trappists is to be cultivators of the soil. That bright and fertile spot on the Mistassini proved that there, at least, the order holds firmly to its founder's ideal. The monastery is surrounded by numerous stables, mills, and

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storehouses. The wilderness is beginning to blossom as the rose.

The brotherhood of La Trappe, as all the world knows, is the strictest of the monastic orders. Armand de Rancé, the great reformer of this curious confraternity, ordained that its members should abstain from flesh meat, eggs, and wine; that they should observe protracted fasts and engage in laborious manual occupations. They must pray eleven hours daily. They were, moreover, to preserve perpetual silence, except when they greeted each other on first meeting. Their salutation then was to be merely two Latin words, “*Memento mori*” (“Remember that thou shalt die”). Each monk was to spend some time each evening digging his own grave. His bed was to be a coffin filled with straw. Retiring to rest at seven, he was to rise at two. All communications between the monks were to be by sign. No monk is supposed to know anything about any other brother monk, not even his real name. Each bears a borrowed monastic cognomen. Even this, however, does not mark the monk’s last

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resting place. Each grave as it is made is leveled at once and soon vanishes. Who but a poet or a mediæval chronicler could do justice to such an order? And yet my guestmaster of the Mistassini monastery assured me that, in all the essentials, these same time-honored regulations were observed in his monastery, even to the last letter.

Fortunately, the good monks did not enforce their regulations as to food upon their guests. At their principal meal they themselves eat but sparingly of a few vegetables and a little bread and cheese, while their drink is water. But they overwhelmed us with a bountiful repast of the most delicious food, everything being of their own labor, even to the wine which they placed beside us. In dining, the monks sit together in absolute silence at a table of rough boards, each having at his place a tin plate and cup and a wooden knife, fork, and spoon. All food is asked for by dumb signs, this sign meaning bread, and this cheese, and this potatoes. The father superior has a wooden mallet in one corner. With this mallet he

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gives signals of direction to the monks by beating on the wall. Both before and after the frugal repast, the monks in company chant a sad but beautiful hymn of thanksgiving, while one of the singers clangs the bell on top of the monastery by pulling a rope.

When we left them, they sent us away attended by a guard of honor. For, as our boat was turning in the stream for the return trip to Lake St. John, a white robe, pushing out in a skiff, hastily scrambled aboard. To our surprise, lo, our guest-master stood before us.

As soon as we were well out of sight of the monastery the young monk made himself thoroughly at home with us. On learning that we were not of his faith, he gradually opened his heart to us. He told us many most interesting things concerning the inner life of his monastery. We soon perceived that he was thoroughly educated. Without question, he had come from a refined and cultured home. At first he hesitated to reveal his real name. Finally he

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said, "My monastic title is Brother A—, but, in reality, my name is —."

Poor Brother A—! I still can see his melancholy figure now, as, in the gathering twilight, by the great lake shore, he bade us farewell. "I never shall see you again," he said, "but—may I say friends?—farewell!"

In Quebec afterward I learned that the young monk, who was a nephew of Cardinal —, some years before had fled from that city, which was his home, because of an unfortunate love affair. Broken-hearted, he had taken refuge in the monastery of the Mistassini, there to hide his sorrows forever in the bosom of "Our Lady of the Snows."

CHAPTER II.

PRO NOBIS LACRIMÆ CHRISTI.

Not far from the city of Quebec stands the little French Canadian village of Lorette. It lies at the heart of the most romantic and historic part of Canada. If you go by carriage you will pass the wonderful natural steps and rapids of Montmorency. Here, long ago, a regiment of New England troops were put to flight by a herd of cows. This whole road once marked the intrenchment lines of Montcalm's army in his defense of Quebec against the British under Wolfe.

Lorette itself is the abode of the last of the Huron Indians. For a hundred years those tigers of the West, the Iroquois, had been tearing to pieces the more timid Huron nation. Stealing up Lake Champlain or the Ottawa River on the ice in the dead of winter, the Iroquois would pounce upon the wretched Hurons and slaughter them like sheep. At last, after nearly all the Hurons

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had been scalped except a few who had taken refuge in Quebec, the French gave the refugees Lorette as their home. The town, however, long since forfeited the right to the title of "Indian." The progenitors of the present mongrel crew who offer for sale bead-wrought bags and moccasins, or demand to shoot pennies with their bows and arrows, posing thus as the "Last of the Hurons"—mighty Indian braves of better days—the ancestors of this degenerate company easily might have hailed from the boulevards of Paris or the bog-walks of Donegal. And yet Lorette certainly looks "Indian" enough in its unsavory untidiness and in "the irresponsible attitudes in which the shabby cabins lounge along the lanes that wander through the place." But what little is left of "Lo, the poor Indian," himself is without question a hopeless wreck as he lingers and wastes at Lorette in incurable squalor and fathomless cunning.

Still, say what you will, the magic spell of the place wakes its departed shades. The situation of the village provokes meditation. Yonder is the noble, blue harbor of

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the Saint Lawrence, where the navies of the world might lie. To the right stretch the laughing meadows of the Saint Charles, so often stained with blood. On the left one faintly discerns the sad isle of Orleans, and a rising pillar of mist which marks the Falls of Montmorency. Away off on the cloud line stand the sentinel-like melancholy heights of the Laurentian Mountains. To the lover of history, what a tangle of heroism and tragedy, of romance and chivalry, of high hopes and broken dreams envelops this spot. Hither came Jacques Cartier when he discovered the River Saint Lawrence. Here for a space rested La Salle on his way to open up the unknown West. Here Frontenac built a fort and Breboeuf the martyr preached. Here the vile and venal Bigot had a lodge for his Indian mistress. Here for generations the red men and French voyageurs together reared their tepees and, joining in hideous revels, danced the wild scalp-dance.

As you wander through the quaint village all these figures seem to live again. “In strange romantic guise they rise upon

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us from their graves. Again their ghostly camp-fire seems to burn and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest and Huron, brave in savage panoply. A boundless vision grows upon us." Nor is this vision dispelled at once. For, as you turn aside into a more secluded corner of the little town, you see before you a small bare building of unmistakably ancient architecture. It is the chapel in which the Indians worship. The historic interest of the whole place instantly is deepened, for, as an accommodating young priest opens for you the sacristy, your eyes fall upon some of the richest ecclesiastical treasures on the Western continent. There is not a cathedral in all the land but what would be rich indeed in the possession of such aids to worship. There is a wonderful monstrance of pure gold and twelve altar figures of the apostles in solid silver. These were presented to the Indian settlement in former days by the Jesuit missionaries. There is an exquisitely wrought silver chalice given by King Louis XV. There is even a silk altar-cloth and several priestly

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vestments of amazing delicacy and beauty, worked by the hands of Queen Marie Antoinette. That was in those earlier, happy days of the young queen's court, those halcyon days which Saint-Amand so vividly has pictured. That was when as yet around the queen's tabouret there was still unbroken a circle of intimate girl friends and matchless beauties, de Lamballe, de Polignac, de Chalons, de Guemenée, who never dreamed of *la lanterne, sans culotte*, or *guillotine*. They, in common with all other satellites of the dazzling Bourbon sun, were thinking only of the majesty of a court which, while playing with European primacy as with a bauble, could win a new empire from the native children of the far West.

The young ecclesiastic who had served as sacristan for us, and who proved to be a native of the place, invited us to his home. The house was one of the few in the village occupied by people of pure French descent. The young man's family evidently was fairly prosperous and more than ordinarily intelligent. The home was a com-

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fortable country home, with not a few evidences of education and refinement. Soon we were being refreshed with some delicious raspberry sherbet and listening with pleasure to our charming host, who was recounting some of the more interesting tales of the place. Suddenly my eye lighted upon a picture standing on the parlor mantelpiece. It was simply the picture of a face. But the face was so rare, so exquisitely beautiful, that I caught my breath. "Surely," I said, "that can not be a real face. It is, I suppose, some ideal portrait. Titian might have painted it as his 'Lady with the Flower.' But I do not recall it. Of what picture is it a copy?" After a pause, the young man answered, "It is my sister." Then he handed me another portrait, which I had not seen, and said, "But here is her last picture." I looked, and it was the same heavenly face, but, lo, a nun. Now it might have been Correggio's "Mater Dolorosa" herself. I could not restrain myself. "O how cruel, how wicked!" I said; "such a beautiful girl!" Again, after a long and painful silence, the brother sadly but

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piously replied, "Belle pour le bon Dieu." "O, but what a shame!" I exclaimed. "And had your mother other daughters?" "No, she was the only daughter, my only sister." Silently I glanced around the room. Here and there I saw dainty little works unmistakably from a girl's deft hand. The young priest handed me a wreath of most extraordinary hairwork and some lace fine as cobweb and a fragile piece of shellwork. "She sent these from the convent," he said, "but we miss her singing. She was a wonderful singer." Still that face of the nun looked down at us, as out of the heart of some dark, impenetrable mystery. I could not resist asking, "Does not your mother miss her, an only daughter?" This time, priest as he was, a shadow fell on his face as he answered, "Yes, mother is growing old, and often she cries herself to sleep for M——. But it is not right, it is not right. Perhaps some day she will be comforted." "But can your mother never see her?" I asked. The young man only shook his head as he replied, "O no, it is a cloister order—never, never!"

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In the village I heard some wild, incoherent gossip about the matter. It was talk about a priest some years before, about a sudden, inexplicable accession of religious and spiritual intensity upon the part of the young maiden devotee. It was wild talk. But I gathered the fact that after the young girl suddenly and mysteriously had taken the veil she had entered a convent at Roberval, that last far northern settlement on the shore of Lake Saint John, the very settlement toward which we then were making our way.

Those who visit Paris to-day, if they have sympathy for human weakness and love linked with fidelity even to the pathos of death, more than once pay a visit to the cemetery where after life's fitful fever now sleep well the lovers Abélard and Héloïse. No spot more productive of moralizing can be found in all Paris than the gray spot of mother earth which thus commemorates the tragedy of those two souls.

It was with something of the same emotion and sympathetic interest that, far up

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in the Northern forests which skirt the shores of Lake Saint John, I stood one day outside the convent in which I knew the Nun of Lorette to be. A procession of pilgrims was passing through the streets of the straggling settlement. I took my stand and waited. As the band of pilgrims came opposite the convent door, from the top-most story of the massive, gloomy nunnery—just for a moment—through a half-opened lattice in that mysterious retreat, two nuns looked out. Curiously they glanced down, and then instantly the lattice was shut. Again the vast building was a prison. Every door and window was barred. There was not a suggestion of life within. It was as a sealed sepulcher. I thought of the old ballad, “King John and the Abbess:”

“King John and the Abbess Ana
Walked in the garden one day,
When he cunningly sought to prove her
And all of her nuns in gray.”

“Good mother,” said the king, “you are shut in here in solitude and peace. But tell me, do the waves of worldliness which

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break against the high convent wall send no dash of spray above its top? Are there no dreams of love or ambition that creep past all your convent guards and nest in these maiden hearts?"

"Just then high over the garden
There flew to the wide free land
A bird, and the Abbess Ana
Followed its flight with her hand.

" 'We can not hinder the passing
Of the wild winged bird o'erhead,
But well we can keep it from building
Its nest in the garden,' she said."

A foolish woman was the Abbess Ana. Not only can no walls shut the human heart away from thoughts which are born of its very humanity, but also is it true that out of no human being can the artificial barrier of stone exclude the great heart and soul yearnings of society and life. Well does Jane Austen remark: "When a woman puts on a nun's robes she does not cease to be a woman, and while with the one hand she flings her flask of essences and her pomander-box into the fire, with the

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other she plants a bed of pinks to flaunt their color and send up their spicy odors for her delight."

This certainly was true in that far convent of the North. For, though the building resembled a mediæval castle, dark and repellent, its walls inclosed the most beautiful and extensive gardens, where every flower that would bloom in that cold latitude was cultivated with the most loving thought and care. And there were ambition and life, as well, within those walls where no evidence of life met the eye. And there was passion and heartbreak.

The sister of a fellow-traveler, by special dispensation, was permitted to be present in the chapel of the convent at the singing of complines. She said that never would she forget the experience. In connection with the convent there was a school for young girls. While the candles on the altar of the convent chapel were being lighted the pupils of the school slowly filed in, chanting and singing in concert. The nuns were invisible behind a lattice at the side of the altar. After a prayer or two, the

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whole company, accompanied by the organ, began a hymn. It was one of those hymns of Palestrina, in which the angels seem to allow the echo of their voices to be heard in the harmony of mortal music. The chorus rose cadence by cadence, until you began to wonder where it would stop this side the gates of pearl. While yet you were awaiting the expected climax in the strain, the young girls began to file out, and the chorus began slowly to lessen. Gradually the music waned, always retaining its haunting harmony, however; softly the volume of melody sank away until at last it was but one wonderful voice. This was the voice of a nun—"The voice of Sister M—," the old verger whispered to my friend. The nun sang alone, concealed behind the wooden grating. And as she sang it seemed as if the abject loneliness of her own life finally was finding expression, as if, having been smitten in her soul with a woe too deep for tears, there was left her nothing but song. It was a cry like that which Dante said he heard as Francesca da Rimini swept by him in the swirl of the nether

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world. All the while that the music of the chorus had been dying away the lights on the altar, one by one, had been going out. And now, as at last the voice of the nun, in a note of almost unutterable pathos, grew still, there was darkness. The chapel was wrapped in gloom.

Months had elapsed since my trip to the North country. I had not ceased to wonder and conjecture concerning the Nun of Lorette. The interest was too profound to allow me to forget her. One morning I read in the paper these words: "Convent of Our Lady of Lake Saint John Burned! Nuns Meet a Terrible Fate. Seven Nuns Burned to Death while Trying to Rescue the Girl Scholars." Then followed the account, dated at Roberval, Quebec: "The Convent of Our Lady of Lake Saint John, in charge of the Ursuline Sisters, a cloister order, and one of the oldest sisterhoods in Canada, was destroyed by fire at six o'clock in the morning. Seven nuns were burned to death. The convent and school are a mass of ruins. A spark from a candle near the cradle of the infant Jesus ignited the

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light draperies and ornamentations of the chapel, and the flames spread with great rapidity. Most of the nuns escaped. But the seven who perished, after rescuing some girl scholars, re-entered the building to ascertain if any one had been left behind, but in doing so they were overcome by the smoke and flames. Thus these seven again have attested the devotion and self-sacrifice of this pious sisterhood. May their ashes rest in peace!" After this account followed the names of the seven. The last of the seven was Sister M—— L—— G——, the Nun of Lorette. As I read the name I thought of a mother in a little Canadian town, of a mother who till now had found no comfort for her tears. And I wondered, Is it thus that our hearts are to be turned to the shining metropolis of God, where the stones of it are the place of sapphires and it hath dust of gold? Is it thus that

“Down through life’s dim cathedral
The tide of music shall sweep,
And through the shadowy arches
The echoes of heaven shall creep?”

CHAPTER III

THE SHEPHERD REVELATION,— “MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.”

THE most familiar representation of Jesus is a misconception. This misconception arose from a false view of Christian duty. It is the tradition of a thousand years. The symbol of the thought is the crucifix.

During centuries the only Savior whom the world knew was the scapegoat of the world's crimes. Early artists exploited this symbol of the crucifix with stark, rigid realism. This realism of the Byzantines thus put its ghastly mark on the centuries. The Christ of the crucifix was pictured crudely as a dismal, macerated monk. The symbolism lives on to-day. Still we see Him a sickly, repulsive devotee, dying at the Place of the Skull. From His brow light has vanished. In His attitude there is no winsomeness, only suffering, bigotry, fear.

Of the early fathers, Jerome alone says

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of Jesus that in His appearance there was something starry. The others hold up to the world this thorn-crowned, blood-marked, forbidding sacrifice, claiming the groaning worship of mankind.

But how wonderful the new births of the human spirit! On the day that Michelangelo died, February 18, 1564, Galileo was born. At the moment in which the world seemed drowned in a sea of horror, flowing from the Spanish Inquisition, with its symbol of the crucifix, there arose a man in the Spanish Netherlands who said: "Rather than that this tide shall overwhelm us, break down the dykes, give Holland back to ocean." And at that word, like the fabled goddess rising out of the sea, and with her rosy footprints dimpling the world with joy, a new age was born. The handmaidens of this new age were the new science heralded by Galileo and Bacon, the new liberty championed by William of Orange and bold Queen Bess, the new humanity sung by gentle Will Shakespeare and John Milton.

From that new birth hour of the soul

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humanity has been struggling back to its birthright divine. The heavenly vision of the Son of God waxes more and more. But how shall we know Him? Where shall we find Him? Leap the gap of a thousand years, grope your way back into those centuries when

“Faith had still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.”

Enter the first Christian church, the Catacombs. There you shall see Him. You shall see Him as they who knew Him first have left His image.

We know not what may have been the appearance of the Son of Mary. We have no authentic portrait of Jesus. No Phidias was there to carve in breathing marble the figure that stood by Capernaum's shore. No Apelles caught and limned on living canvas the face that looked out from the seven golden candlesticks. The first Christians did not dare to image the Son of glory. Loving hearts were the sanctuary of that face. Only hints do we catch of a divine person under the symbolism of monogram,

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vine, fish, anchor, and lamb. Love sought no further until one believer, bolder than his fellows, carved on a wall in the Catacombs that face and form looking out from the tenth chapter of the Gospel of John the divine. "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

How such faith, born thus in the night, lifts every heart! "That great Shepherd of the sheep! See that graceful, loving Shepherd Prince bounding down as if from His native uplands, with the happy sheep nestling on His shoulder." Rejoicing souls find answer in a thrill of joyous youth, eternal growth, immortal grace and love.

In the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, not far apart, stand two relics of the past. One is a marble sarcophagus. Of classic beauty, this marble was carved by masters who wrought the glory of Greek sculpture. Unscarred by the centuries through which it has slept beneath the Tyrian sands, wonderful in its plastic loveliness, yet how empty is this tomb! Gazing upon it, you seem only to hear the scream

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of drowning horsemen or the clash of shield and spear, as the phalanx resistless marches to the conquest of the world. For it was in this sarcophagus, they tell us, that in his drunken glory they laid Alexander, mis-called the Great.

Near this tomb in the museum of old Stamboul there stands a curious stone figure. It is of quaint design. It is battered, squat, unsymmetrical. Untrained hands formed it. The casual eye scarce would deign to rest upon such a monument. And yet how full of meaning! How unspeakably precious this rude monolith! It is the earliest known carved representation of the Lord. It is an archaic sculpture brought from an early Christian tomb in Asia Minor. It shows an Oriental shepherd of grotesque but gentle mien. He is a toiler, a peasant. He is coarsely garbed and smiling. On his broad, bent shoulders rests a lamb.

Matthew Arnold has introduced an interesting note into the discussion of the Shepherd representation of Jesus. In one of the most widely appreciated of his poems, the poet quotes the statement of "fierce

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Tertullian" concerning the Lord that "He saves the sheep, the goats He doth not save." Then attention is called to the fact that in the Catacombs was found a representation of the Good Shepherd having on His shoulders, not a lamb, but a *kid*—

". . . But she sighed
The Infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

"And then she smiled; and in the catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death, and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew,—
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a *kid*."

But whatever may have been the disagreement between "fierce Tertullian" and the apostle of sweetness and light, they have settled it long ere this.

I am glad that those first Christians did not picture the Lord as a conqueror, who builded His throne on the tears and blood of humanity. He marched to conquest, but not with horses and chariots. He went with music, a shepherd song. I am glad

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that those first Christians did not accept the picture of Jesus as an archangel, though the Gospel according to Saint Peter, during its little vogue, thus portrayed the resurrected King. I am glad that those first Christians did not set forth Jesus as a learned scholar, delving into books and mastering occult mysteries. In the prelude to Faust a great scholar is seen shutting himself up in a cell on a mountain side, heeding not the voices, the songs, and the cries which come to him from below. But the end of that picture is the circle of fire at the heart of which stands Mephistopheles. O it is a pitiful tragedy! How glad the world is that the Lord was pictured as none of these! He is a Shepherd Prince, a smiling Peasant, a Shepherd-Savior. This vision so has ravished the heart of humanity that the thought has flowed over, so to speak, into the pagan consciousness, and in Ceylon they picture Lord Buddha as the Shepherd-Deer.

The human heart itself is the basis for this appeal of the idea of the Good Shepherd. That heart was not created to be cheated and mocked by its own lordliest

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hunger. No. It thrills with life; it longs for immortal life. And so “the figure which dominates the religious imagination of the world is not the dying but the living Christ, who brought life and immortality to light, and who came that men might have life more abundantly.”

In considering the statue at Constantinople, now thought to be the oldest carved representation of the Savior, a learned writer has collected a quantity of interesting evidence on the whole subject. It will not be out of place to quote some of his more curious, yet instructive, facts. “Work of this character,” he says, “is extremely scarce. Only for a brief period could it have been permissible to make a statue of the Savior. In the Byzantine Church, which later developed in this region, it was forbidden to make statuary of Christ or other sacred personages. It is possible that some of the pictures of the Savior in the Catacombs at Rome are somewhat, though not considerably, older than this statue. There is also the Sacred Shroud, preserved at Turin, which is said to bear the Savior’s

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likeness, made by the impression of His own body."

After describing some of the pictured representations of Jesus, the writer goes on to say: "The question whether any of these pictures is an authentic likeness of the Savior has been much disputed. The late Canon Farrar held that the true likeness was lost. Sir Wyke Bayliss, an English artist, has compiled an ingenious argument that the traditional portrait of the Savior, followed by nearly all the great painters of the Middle Ages, is an actual likeness. This type shows a bearded face of long, delicate, oval form and regular features. Sir Wyke Bayliss contends that it is based on the portraits in the Catacombs. One of these portraits, that in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, he believes to have been made by an artist who had seen the Savior. Another of very early date is in the Catacomb of Pontianus. If this bearded type is a true likeness, then the shepherd statue can hardly be so. But the beardless type is also found among the portraits of the Savior in the Catacombs, and it is the type usually

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followed in the early pictures of the Eastern Church. It is possible that among the first Christians there were some who sought to make an authentic likeness of the Savior and others who preferred to create a type that best represented their idea of the divine appearance.

“Again, it is probable that the early Christians during the times of persecution in Rome were afraid to place actual likenesses where they might be seen by the authorities. They therefore used symbol in their art. Thus Christ subduing the hearts of men is typified in the form of Orpheus attracting the wild beasts with his lyre. Christ as a shepherd is represented by a youth carrying a lamb. The shepherd symbol was naturally a favorite one with the first Christians. The Savior was regarded as a shepherd by the humble and suffering people, who were the first to accept His teachings. In the passages in the Old Testament foreshadowing His coming, He is spoken of as a shepherd who will save the sheep from slaughter. It is a beautiful symbol, and one that appeals naturally to

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a simple people, who were largely following pastoral and agricultural pursuits."

The best-loved book of the primitive Christians was an allegory of this same shepherd promise. The popular theology of the early Church wove itself around the doctrine of the Fair Shepherd. The first Christian hymn, so Clement of Alexandria in his third book tells us, was a pæan to the Good Shepherd. Little wonder is it that as across the darkness of Sheol this radiance of the Fair Shepherd lies like a beam of the morning, there starts up out of the dark as if in challenge a rival monster of hate and the night. Zechariah calls this adversary "The Foolish Shepherd." David names him "The Dark Shepherd," whose fold is Sheol itself.

In the Yosemite Valley, as the sun rises over Glacier Point, just before the luminary appears, suddenly from behind the rock pinnacle dart golden rays of light. Around the granite height they fling a coronal of splendor. They are the promise of light behind the veil. As you look, through the clouds and blackness of vanishing night these

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wonder-rays leap straight upward, heralding the morning. These streaming banners of the dawn are what the Hebrews called Aijeleth Shahar, Hind of the Morning. The peasants of the Apennines long ago marked this same phenomenon. They called it Gloria. This Gloria was the earthly vision which led the early Christian artists of Italy to put a nimbus or halo of heavenly light around the head of the Lord. The Shepherd conception of Jesus is the Gloria of the gospel, for as Dante pictures it in his Rose of Paradise, here in trinal light of living glory glows the sacred heart of God.

But this earliest carved image of the Lord has no nimbus, no Gloria. Here we see only the Shepherd, the loving Savior. This return to the basal elements of life, irradiated by promise divine, is that which perhaps makes all these rough human imagings of Jesus so impressive. There are not a few basrelief, mosaic, and fresco representations of the Good Shepherd which have come down to us, say the scholars, from earliest Christian times. Among such is the well-known caricature of the Christ,

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a pagan *graffito*, probably of the second century, which was found in the palace of the Cæsars at Rome. One of the very earliest of these portrayals shows Jesus as Orpheus playing on his lyre. But “the number of free statues of early Christian origin is exceptionally small. Scarcely a half dozen of Christ have survived from the first centuries.” These all show Jesus as the Good Shepherd. Of them, two figures are preserved in the Lateran Museum. There is a third in the Church Museum of the College of Rome. A fourth is preserved in the Basilica of San Clemente. Still another small statuette of the Shepherd Christ was found in Seville, Spain. Without doubt, however, the oldest of all these statues, and the one therefore holding deepest significance, is the image which now so jealously is guarded in the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. None of the others is of a date earlier than the beginning of the fourth or the latter part of the third century. But the figure in the museum at Constantinople dates probably from the beginning of the

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third century. It even may have come from the latter part of the second century.

To the end of his days, this Stamboul figure excited the profound interest and enthusiasm of the celebrated German archæologist, Ferdinand Piper. Well it might, were we to consider only the city where to-day it is enshrined. When, to borrow the famous figure, imperial Rome had shrunk to the papacy which was sitting like a ghost above its grave, Constantine's city of the seven hills was the sacred spot where "Greece arose from the dead with the New Testament in her hands." And though contending civilizations swirl around this ancient city, the mystic appeal of its place and its story holds the city itself inviolate. And ever at the heart of the city there stands, like a Prisoner of Hope, this image of the Christians' Good Shepherd, humanity's Prince of Peace.

But back of this Good Shepherd conception of the Lord lies the deeper reality. And back to this reality of the Christ who shepherds the sheep and infolds the weak

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and brings again the lost, wayward wanderers, back to this vision and experience of primitive Christianity the Church must return if it is to enter into its lost heritage of power.

Near Capernaum one day we saw a shepherd, leading down his flock to drink on the Galilean shore. In the mountains all day the flock had been haunted by the presence of lions, kept at safe distance only by the shepherd and his dogs. On the way back to the valley robbers were seen. But now it is night. Watered and fed, the flock is safe within the fold. Not one sheep has been forgotten. Up to its mother tender and warm nestles each tiny lamb. There stands the shepherd with his club. The sleepless dogs prowl on the watch. The pallid moon rides to rule the peaceful scene. The shining, silent stars look down. Sleep on, little sheep, take your rest. No lion nor robber can enter here. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. He that keepeth thee shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Like recurrent chimes from cathedral bells out over life with its panting sheep, its

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waterless hills and lion-haunted, thunder-riven mountains, its crowding care and night despair, out over the hopes and fears of all the years floats this tender, crooning caress of infinite Love, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." At the wooing of this celestial Love, hearts are comforted, peace steals in to sentinel the soul. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Here the tumult and the humiliation. Feeding the flock, dost thou feed on the bread of tears? Yonder the garden where He waits. And for thee His benison. When the Chief Shepherd shall appear ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

CHAPTER IV.

“MORE THAN TWELVE LEGIONS OF ANGELS.”

WHAT, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Is there some statement in which may be compacted the outcome of it all? Can there be expressed concretely the relation that each of us holds to the life of the Spirit? The claim made by Sir Oliver Lodge, in his address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science that personality persists beyond bodily death, with the implied thought that psychical research ought to have fair play, raises a query. Out of recent scientific investigation one or two conclusions are emerging. One is the fact that our boundaries of knowledge are expanding beyond what can be defined scientifically. There also is an increasing acceptance of the intuitive source of knowledge as being valid. M. Bergson has cleared the way for this latter trend. We

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may not be willing to accept the contention of the mystic that our knowledge is “a dense obscurity which authorizes us to dream everything and forbids us to deny anything.” None the less, thanks to the light gained through the teaching of James Ward and Rudolph Eucken, must we not believe that the “universe is a larger thing than we have any conception of?” Logically, therefore, can we rest secure until ultimately we rest in a spiritual interpretation of the universe? Spiritually, we shall find no peace until we have entered into an active, personal participation in the purposes and onsweeping processes of the life of the Spirit.

To make clear what is involved, a personal experience may offer suggestion. Not long ago some Carib fishermen in the West Indies who had gone out to strip copper from a wrecked ship on the coral reefs near Kingston unexpectedly came upon an ancient hulk lying whitening under the sea among the coral. Groping around the ribs of the long-drowned bark, the Caribs found wedges of gold and stores of ancient money.

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Of the hoard thus rescued from the deep a friend secured for me while I was in Jamaica near the scene a generous coin which answers to the description of those double pieces of eight of Buccaneer story. Over the face of the gold are filmy coral tracings. Whence came this gold, what its story? The treasure was part of the store of a pirate ship. In the long ago the freebooter had been wrecked on Pedro's Bank, south of the island of Jamaica. This Buccaneer had been a notorious scourge to the whole Spanish main. Tradition has it that on her last voyage the pirate ship, with blood-reddened decks, pursued by a Spanish man-of-war, was seeking to beat into Port Royal. Well might the evil fugitive crowd all sail, for, as her blood-bought loot, she held "millions of pesos in her hold, silks and spices precious as gold." As the marauder of the black flag neared her city of refuge there arose a dreadful tempest. The pirate swept in desperately through the Pedro coral reefs. Suddenly, in one smother of horror, the vessel struck and went down. The hellish curses and shriekings of her

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crew were her requiem. There, through the centuries since, she slept, one of

“. . . a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.”

Whose superscription is on this pirate gold? As if to add the last increment of weird suggestion, the piece of money is a coin of the reign of Ferdinand the Fourth of Castile. This Ferdinand is himself of as evil repute as the gold which bears his name. He reigned over Castile and Leon from 1295 to 1312. In history he is known as *El Emplazado*, *The Summoned*. The monarch had had a quarrel with two brothers, his subjects, Carvajal by name. Under some pretense concerning treason and the assassination of a courtier, the ruler had seized the opportunity to destroy the brothers. Before an unjust judgment bar they were charged with capital crime. They protested their innocence, but were condemned. As the brothers were being led

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away to execution, they turned to the royal tyrant, and lifting accusing hands they swore that his should be the direr punishment. They summoned the unjust king to meet them within thirty days at the judgment bar of God. On the morning of the fateful day the monarch was found lying on his bed with a face of horror, dead. History, therefore, calls Ferdinand the Fourth of Castile *El Emplazado, The Summoned.*

Now the real lesson contained in this gold piece of such extraordinary story does not inhere in its reminder of Buccaneer doings. This side of the tale is picturesque enough. Virile figures are they which stalk through those old traditions “Of Schooners, Islands, and Maroons, and Buccaneers.” Little wonder that superstitious Caribs still whisper among themselves that, on certain nights when the West Indian hurricane drives its white horses through the sea, Henry Morgan is sailing again with the Jolly Roger apeak. Poets to-day, with their “singing seamen,” chant popular verses in which Kidd, Ringrose, and Anson,

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Pierre Legrand, and all the rest of the rogues reddens southern main or scatter plunder in reckless play. But the real interest is not here.

Nor may we treat the story of this Spanish doubloon as symbolizing a moral conclusion against present times. We are not to maintain that, as a seashell, mindful of its ancient depths, murmurs as the ocean murmurs there, so this piece of eight, with its red burden of memory, cries out about other pirate gold, which in all this new world is red with the blood of men—red gold for which fair cities have become hideous with grubbing, lying, sweating, cheating, and murder, red gold for which crafty, cruel hands under the black flag to-day seek to seize our treasure ship, loot it, and scuttle it on life's high seas. No. However hot the heart may be against social wrongs, this is not the deeper lesson that the doubloon doth tell.

The casting up of this blood-stained money from the deep, like the dead out of the sea in the Apocalypse, need not detain us with any lengthy reminder of how long

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sin is and of what brief portion is prosperity in sin. Moral reminders of this character meet us at every turn. A minister, called to address the prisoners at a State reformatory where the inmates were wearing clothing of different colors to indicate the character of their offenses and their relative standing in the institution, found one prisoner dying on his cot. He was a young man under an assumed name. The derelict in life was clothed in a complete suit of red, sign that he was incorrigible. The minister sought to turn the thoughts of the dying prisoner toward repentance, fresh hope, and a new start in life. The dying prisoner simply shook his head, turned his face despairingly to the wall, and muttered, "But I wear red! I wear red!"

We need not linger to emphasize the Nemesis that dogs the footsteps of the Tyrant. The casting down of high towers of wickedness is of the essence of life. The Buddhist Karma phrases that. Zophar the Naamathite comforted Job with the assurance that the triumphing of the wicked is short, though his head reach unto the clouds.

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No. The heart of this story is not any tragedy of the blood-stained gold itself, nor the brief span of prosperous sin, nor the doom of the lawless monarch. The true center of interest here, the vital point of spiritual emphasis lies in the story of the two brothers Carvajal, the innocent sufferers who unjustly were condemned and paid the penalty with their sacrifice. The quick readjustment of the balance under the appeal to the judgment of God, as the story relates it, symbolizes a great assurance. It is an assurance into which we may enter, an assurance that, in defeat or disaster, when tyrannically oppressed or in despair, we are not left comfortless or without appeal. The bar of divine justice, the transcendentalist reminds us, if for a moment it be disturbed, settles inevitably to its place, and whatsoever seeks to delay its return, be it mote or star or man, is pulverized by the recoil. Here, then, in the veracious history of these two brothers Carvajal, vouched for by Mariana and accepted by all other Spanish historians, we have a concrete human experience which, explain

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it in any way that you may desire, still is a gleaming illustration of how, when in our own life-environment we are overborne unrighteously, we can transfer our case to a higher court.

This court of higher appeal is not heedless. With not more reliance could the foundering ship *Titanic* or the flame-devoured *Volturno* throw out wireless messages to the invisible in search of help than we can summon the Infinite to hear our cry. For the life of the Spirit answers us. In supreme justice the Divine life pours in to possess the field. It crowds itself into our innocence. Our weakness is absorbed into its resistless might. Up against the cruel, dominating world it lifts us. It flings around us its own panoply of victory. “In the day when I cried, Thou answeredest me and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.”

But now mark the corollary of this spiritual experience. Through this readiness of God to answer us, we may ally ourselves with the life of the Spirit. Unless, indeed, we are allied with the life of the

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Spirit all our efforts will return empty, our life will possess no higher meaning at all. Richelieu, in simple garb, has been pictured in the ante-room of the French king. To Churchman and not to monarch are made the salutations and obeisances of courtiers and ambassadors. Richelieu exemplifies the high conquest that is possible through pure human will-power. The vision and possibilities of this conquest called forth from William James one of the noblest of his essays. But here we are concerned not with the victories of our own human will-power matched against unequal odds. Here we are dealing with the results of a union of our wills and lives with the all-conquering life of the Spirit. Through this alliance with the world of the Spirit we lay hand on other powers than our own. We are transported into another realm, where the first step is a flight. We are ourselves dynamic because now the divine infills and possesses us. All our old accepted earth standards are reversed. We have the right perspective of the things of the Spirit.

Those who have climbed the bridle-path

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up Mount Washington will recall that shortly before reaching the summit one comes to an irregular little sheet of water known as the Lake of the Clouds. This living spring, sheltered by the peaks around, lies a fleckless sapphire. No storms disturb its calm. In this placid mirror of water amid the clouds all reflections are reversed. Above the head rise the summits of Washington and Monroe. On the glassy surface of the water the tiny crimson flower of the famished moss at the water's edge is shown high above the peaks as the scene is reflected. When we shall understand life at the last, there will be a readjustment of spiritual values. Here the peaks of earth tower stately and eternal. We strive to climb them. Seeking their glory, we beat out our hearts against their cold, pitiless crags. But such are not the purple mountains of God. These do not mark the borders of His empire of grace. On the contrary, in the unthralled life it will be seen that what here upon earth often is deemed lowest, there is exalted as a fadeless flower in His crown of amaranth. As has been said, here

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gold is on top, but in that true revelation of life as John saw it they use gold to pave the streets of the city. A right understanding of life, therefore, will make clear that spiritual wonder—they which receive abundance of grace, though ofttimes seeming so puny, frail, and despised, they shall reign in life.

But through what process may this be? We have seen how through the Christ alone we have access to the Infinite. Now again is it found that only through the Son of God do we hold this secret of sure alliance with the life of the Spirit in all fullness of power. This union is attained with certitude only by our acceptance through Christ of the revealed will of the Father. In Gethsemane, when overtaken by the fate of which the mob and the soldiers represented the foretaste, Jesus said, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" An older account of this incident says, however, that when apprehended in the garden, Jesus, turning to Peter, said, "Thinkest thou that I can not pray to My Father, and He shall presently

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give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" (Matthew 26:53.) This older account is presenting the Christ in His Messianic dignity. It also is revealing the truth that through the spiritual forces resident in Him, the Christ possesses resources above all those of earth or of the universe. Identified with the life of the Spirit, He is endowed with the inviolate might of its processes. Did He not choose, therefore, to lay down His life, who could cope with Him?

The significance of all this to us is that this same spiritual experience is ours when once we have accepted the Christ and have entered into identity with Him, the dynamic of Life and Power. Through our identity with Him the inviolate power of the Life of the Spirit is ours. More than twelve legions of angels await our call. For this cause is there unto us a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation. Are there at the gate hirelings and mob bearing staves? It matters not. Beyond Gethsemane and Calvary gleams another realm, measureless and calm. This empire

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is waiting our summons to send its panoplied hosts radiant, all-conquering.

Because of this spiritual assurance, true idealists face disappointing or disastrous conditions with a sense of inner glow and security. Like adamant may be their outward appearing, inwardly they are a joyous fire. Near a certain New England village there is a family graveyard surrounded by an old fence of field stones piled one upon the other. By the opening of the fence there is a large rose quartz boulder thrown carelessly with the rest. "That rock," said a passer-by one day, "is typical of the lives of the Puritan forefathers who sleep in that graveyard and in other graveyards like it—stone shot through by fire." Yes, that is it—stone shot through by fire. On the sunny slope of Sleepy Hollow, in Concord, such a boulder marks the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The first idealist in humanly-recorded history, we are told, was Akhenaten. Akhenaten was the Egyptian Pharaoh who built Tel el Amarna on the Nile, "brave soul, undauntedly facing the momentum of

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immemorial tradition and thereby stepping out from the long line of conventional and colorless Pharaohs that he might disseminate ideas far beyond and above the capacity of his age to understand.” But, as with so many other dreamers, the benighted environment of Akhenaten overbore him and his dream. His dead body was hidden away in dishonor. His temple and his capital fell into heaps and were buried under the desert sands. But Akhenaten had done his work in the light of his vision. And so one day the Tel el Amarna tablets were found, coming up out of the forgotten past with their radiant story. And now Egyptologists call Akhenaten “the world’s first idealist and the world’s first individual.”—(Professor Breasted. *Sketch of Akhenaten in his “History of Egypt.”*)

Thus shall it be unto the last soul that by conscious effort allies itself with the life of the Spirit. The real wonder of the Christ story, its perennial life-giving joy and transforming power lie at this point. Through Him “strong Son of God, immortal Love,” whose face we have not seen, but

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whom by faith alone we embrace, “believing where we can not prove”—through Him we enter into union with the eternal on-pulsing life of the Spirit. So may we make its purposes and powers ours for evermore. This is the transcendent meaning of it all. Now culture and life become complete because they are God-filled. Suffering and sorrow have moral and divine significance. Defeat and disaster to noble effort are seen to be the reverse side of spiritual coronation. The heavens may melt with fervent heat, but the conquering Spirit will pulse on and on.

Death itself no longer is felt to be the scarlet symbol of destruction before which the sinful soul exclaims in despair, “I wear red!” No. Death is seen to be that “morning redness” of spiritual promise which gives the life of the persecuted shoemaker Boehme a fire-like impulse and made his passing a morning song. “When the hour of his departure was at hand, he called his son, Tobias, and asked him whether he heard the sweet, harmonious musick. He replied, No. Open, says he, the door,

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that you may the better hear it. And asking what o'clock it was, he told him it was two. My time, says he, is not yet; three hours hence is my time. In the meanwhile he spoke these words, O thou strong God of Zebaoth, deliver me according to Thy will. Thou crucified Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, and take me into Thy Kingdom. When six in the morning came, he took leave of his wife and son, blessed them, and said, Now I go hence into Paradise. And bidding his son turn him, he fetched a deep sigh and departed.”—(“*The Life of Jacob Boehme in His Works as published by disciples of William Law.*”)

In the light of such revelation we understand the admonition of the apostle that we are not to glory in men. For all things are ours; and we are Christ's; and Christ is God's. Here and now on earth among men, in the tame, dull, common round and task, we can live the Royal Life in the Kingdom of the Spirit. We can reign in life, by One, Jesus Christ.

In Bombay, India, with interest is visited the *atish-bahrām*, or “temple of fire,”

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of the Parsîs, or Fire-Worshipers. On the altar of the temple, with steady flame, burns the sacred fire, preserved, it is said, from the time of Zoroaster. The Parsî priests bend in adoration around the urns in which the celestial fire is kept burning day and night. To them the fire is the emblem of their divinity, Ahurâ-Mazdâ. And there, symbol of the most ancient faith now upon earth, it shines like a star. All beholders are moved at the spectacle. But how different the gift of fire at Pentecost! In the pagan temple the flame glows on the altar useless save as it serves to picture the presence of Mazdâ the Creator. But at Pentecost the fire rested upon the disciples themselves. In cloven tongues like as of fire it sat upon each of them. With its radiance and wonder it suffused and possessed the believers. It gave them miraculous utterance. With a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind, it filled all the house. It thrilled the city. It won multitudes to the faith. It fell on the infant Church as her divine heritage.

The supreme zeal of the prophetic mis-

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sion to this age will be holy fire, but fire that has seized and possessed human lives. The prophet for the age must be indeed like a crystal shot through by celestial fire. The poet Heine has a cynical phrase in which he mocks this fiery mission of the Christian Church. He speaks of the herald of the gospel as a "Knight of the Holy Ghost." That figure of cynical mockery is the proudest boast of militant Christianity. Yes. The herald of the gospel is a Knight of the Holy Ghost. Through vital, radiant union of his own life and purpose with those of the Christ, he who stands in Christ's stead will take on a fullness of power, a holy contagion of the Spirit that shall run as a burning, heavenly quickening into the darkest and most hopeless recesses of society and the human heart. Men in whose lives the very consciousness of God is perishing shall turn back with anointed faces to the Father's house. Society shall be celestialized. Sin itself shall be dethroned. Humanity shall be lifted to the starry paths of the King.

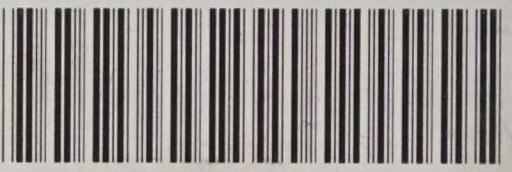
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